The Columbian.

VOL 43. BLOOMSBURG, PA., THURSDAY DECEMBER 16, 1909. NO 50

WHEN YOU WANT TO

Open a Bank Account Have a Check Cashed
Borrow Money, or Make an Investment

CALL ON THE OLD RELIABLE -

The Farmers National Bank
OF BLOOMSBURG

Capital, $60.000 **Surplus $100,000**

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ORDINATION.

Right Reverend Bishop Darlington Ordains John E. Diggles and J. C. Grimes as Deacons in the Episcopal Church.

AN IMPRESSIVE SERVICE.

For the first time in the history of St. Paul's Protestant Episcopal church, Bloomsburg, and that goes back for 116 years or more, the ordination of Deacons took place on Wednesday morning. Bishop Darlington of the Diocese of Harrisburg performed the office and other clergymen present besides the Rector, Rev. James W. Diggles, were Rev. J. P. Tyler of Hagerstown, Md., who preached the sermon; Rev. L. F. Baker of Selinsgrove, Rev. Alex. McMillan of Carlisle, and Rev. E. J. Haughton of Danville.

The candidates for the deaconate were John E. Diggles, brother of the rector of St. Paul's, and who has been in charge of the church at Northumberland for the past year or more, and J. C. Grimes, formerly a Methodist minister, who is officiating in a Williamsport parish.

The service consisted of morning prayer at 10:30, without music. At 11 o'clock the procession entered from the Parish House, and consisted of the full vested choir, the clergy, and the Bishop.

The sermon by Rev. J. C. Tyler was a forceful one, from the text, "Let a man so account of us as of the ministers of Christ, and stewards of the mysteries of God. Moreover it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful."

After the sermon the litany was said, and this was followed by the ordination service, and the Holy Communion. It was a beautiful and impressive service throughout, and a large congregation was present to enjoy it.

MRS. PICKETT LECTURED.

Mrs. Pickett, the widow of the heroic Confederate general who led the famous charge at Gettysburg, lectured in the Normal Auditorium Monday evening, on "The Battle of Gettysburg."

Those who braved the disagreeable weather to climb the hill were treated to an intensely interesting talk. Mrs. Pickett described the conditions of the South prior to the battle, the reasons for Lee's campaign in Pennsylvania, and the great battle itself. She, like Senator Gore, who lectured a couple of weeks ago, is very loyal to the Union, and praised the Union Army.

After the lecture, she shook hands with the members of Ent Post of the G. A. R. who were the guests of the evening.

PENMANSHIP.

The penmanship department at the Normal School is in the competent hands of A. Bruce Black, and has been since the opening of the fall term. Mr. Black is a skilled pensman, and an able instructor, and from the start this department has been popular under his direction. The Seniors are obliged to take this course for a certain number of weeks, but many of them have voluntarily continued it longer than the required time. Many other students are also taking advantage of it.

Mr. Black has classes every period in the day.

Miss Elsie Yorks is expected home to-day from school in Massachusetts, to spend the holidays.

WOULDN'T ACCEPT PLEA.

Judge Evans Don't Believe Kelly is Guilty of Stealing Furnace.

Judge Evans does not believe Joseph Kelly, the Danville man who is charged with stealing a furnace from Mrs. Lillian Wright, of Bloomsburg, is guilty. This was made clear Saturday in court at Bloomsburg when the president judge refused to impose sentence, although both Kelly and his partner John James had proviously pleaded guilty. Judge Evans will allow their case to go before a jury at the February term.

The men told the judge in court the circumstances of the case. They said that they had bought the furnace from Mrs. Wright, but that when they went to get it there was no one at home. They went into the cellar and took the stove apart, loaded it on their wagon and took it to a scales to have it weighed and then brought it to Danville and sold it, intending to settle with Mrs. Wright later. Instead they spent the money for liquor. They were working to earn money to pay Mrs. Wright when they were arrested for larceny.

Judge Evans does not think the facts warrant a charge of larceny, and said the men should not have been allowed to plead guilty.

MEDICAL SOCIETY MEETING.

The Columbia County Medical Society help its annual meeting at the Central Hotel last Thursday. A dinner was served, speeches made, papers read, and officers elected. The election resulted as follows: President, Dr. W. T Vance, of Berwick; first vice president, Dr. R. E. Warntz, of Nescopeck; second vice president, Dr. M. McHenry, of Benton; secretary and treasurer, Dr. L. B. Kline, of Catawissa; librarian, Dr. J. R. Montgomery, of Bloomsburg; censors, Dr. J. W. Bruner and Dr. Chas. F. Altmiller, of Bloomsburg, and Dr J. M. Vastine, of Catawissa; committee on public policy and legislation, Dr. H. V. Hower, of Mifflinville, Dr. G. E. Follmer, of Orangeville, and Dr. J. E. Shuman, of Bloomsburg.

The physicians present were: Dr. L. P. Kline, of Catawissa; Dr. J. M. M. Gemmill, of Millville; Dr. W. T. Vance, of Berwick; Dr. G. E. Follmer, or Orangeville; Dr. R. E. Warntz, of Nescopeck; Dr. H. V. Hower, of Mifflinville; Dr. M. McHenry, of Benton; Dr. D. M. Hess, of Rohrsburg, and Drs. J. R. Montgomery, J. S. John, C. F. Altmiller, S. B. Arment, R. E. Miller, J. W. Bruner, J. J. Brown and J. E. Shuman, of Bloomsburg.

SKEER—WHITE.

The announcement of the marriage in Wilkes-Barre on Tuesday of Miss Georgia White, daughter of Mrs. Lillian White, of Centre street, and Lloyd B. Skeer, son of Mrs. Laura Skeer, of Market street, was a decided surprise to the many friends of the young people.

To all intents and purposes bound for Wapwallopen for a visit, Miss White left Bloomsburg on Monday. Mr. Skeer left Tuesday morning. The couple met in Wilkes-Barre, and were married Tuesday morning at eleven o'clock by the Rev. C. E. Mogg, pastor of the First Methodist church of that city.

After a wedding trip to New York and Philadelphia the bride and groom will return to Bloomsburg and reside with Mrs. White on Centre street.

—COMPTROLLER'S CALL.—

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF

The Bloomsburg National Bank

At the Close of Business November 16th, 1909

RESOURCES.		LIABILITIES.	
U. S. Bonds - -	$100,000.00	Capital Stock, -	$100,000.00
Loans and Investments - -	622,974.99	Surplus and Profits	60,392.93
Furniture and Fixtures - -	8,000.00	Circulation - -	100,000.00
Cash and Reserve	89,483.81	Bank Deposits, -	10,820.53
		Individual Deposits	549,245.34
	$820,458.80		$820,458.80

WM. H. HIDLAY, Cashier. A. Z. SCHOCH, President.

CHAS. FREEZE SHOT.

Shotgun Accidentally Exploded While He Was Unloading Wagon at His Farm.

DEATH WAS INSTANTANEOUS.

One of the most pathetic accidents which have occurred in a long time is that which snuffed out the life of Charles Freeze on Saturday evening at his home near Arbutus Park, when the discharge of his shotgun blew off the top of his head and caused instantaneous death.

He had been in town buying Christmas presents, and on his way home stopped at the house of his brother-in-law, George Kline, on North Iron street to get his shotgun, which had been borrowed. Arriving home, he went to the barn to unhitch the team. Mrs. Freeze, after waiting some time sent out her son to see if his father was ready for supper, but the boy found neither his father nor the team.

Dr. Peter H. Freeze, who lives with his son, then went out to search for him, and made the horrible discovery. The team had run down the road, evidently frightened by the discharge, and had become entangled in a wire fence. Across the wagon lay Charles Freeze, dead, with the top of his head shot off.

Rumors of suicide have been rife, but these have been discredited. While no one witnessed the accident, it is probable that, while unloading the presents and the gun, the unfortunate man slipped, discharging both barrels into his head.

Charles Freeze was a kind husband and a loving father. He is survived by his father, Dr. Peter H. Freeze, his wife, four children, the eldest of whom is eight years old, and by a brother, Thornton, of East First street, and three sisters, Mrs. James Mills, Miss Anna Freeze, and Mrs. George Kline, all of Bloomsburg.

The funeral, which was largely attended, was held on Tuesday the Rev. J. W. Diggles officiating. Interment was made in Rosemont cemetery.

MINISTERIUM MET.

The Bloomsburg Ministerium met at the Methodist church Monday morning at ten o'clock. Rev. S. C. Dickson was appointed secretary pro tem. President Heckman appointed Mr. Dickson and Mr. Ziegler a committee on temperance to handle matters in relation to licenses and the filing of remonstrances. Rev. J. E. Byers was appointed to represent the ministerium at the meeting in the interest of Negro education, held in the A. M. E church Tuesday evening. Messrs. Dickson and Byers were appointed a committee to arrange for union prayer meetings during the week of prayer, January 2 to 9.

Rev. J. E. Byers read an interesting paper on the "Message of the Incarnation."

ACOUSTICS IMPROVED.

Aside from the aesthetic point of view, the laying of tiling in St. Paul's Church has had the effect of improving the acoustics of the building. The organ, the singing and the voice of the rector all sound louder and clearer. The marble floor acts as a sounding board with the above effect.

EPISCOPAL GROWTH.

Last Year Breaks Record in That Denomination.

Compilation of statistics concerning the growth of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States and in and near New York City has just been compiled and they show a record breaking year. The growth in the whole country has been 3 per cent. carrying the total to 929,117 members. It was in 1890 that the membership passed the 500,000 mark. At the present rate the 1,000 000 mark will be passed in 1912, making a growth in these last twenty-two years as great as during all of the years from Jamestown, 1607, down to 1890.

In New York the Episcopal Church membership is now 89,748, a growth last year of 4 per cent. Long Island shows also 4 per cent. growth for the year, with 37,595 members, and Newark diocese 4 per cent. with 22,652 members. It is the largest growth recorded for the metropolitan district in many years. Growth in New York City and diocese has been very steady for more than twenty years. For example, the figures for 1893 were 56,218; for 1899, 69,521; for 1904, 78,149, and last year, as stated, 89,748.

Finances have also gone forward rapidly during the last year. The total gifts to the entire Church for the year were $18,358,800, which is almost exactly $20 a member. This is a higher rate than is attained by any other religious body in the world, certainly any Christian body. The next highest is that of Presbyterian North, which last year gave $16.25 a member. The total gifts for the whole Church were $368,500 larger than the previous year, but New York did much better even than that. Gifts from New York last year reached $3,412,693, or a larger sum by $762,000 than the previous year, and the highest amount ever given. In gifts to missions high water mark was also reached last year, the diocese of New York for the first time giving all that was asked for world missions and a little more. The sum was $133,160, $15,000 more than was ever given before.

THE HENRIE CASE.

The suit of A. A. Henrie and his daughter against the D. L. & W. R. R Co., was the only civil case tried this week, and is now in the hands of the jury. It is an action for $10,000 damages for injuries alleged to have been received at a grade crossing. The case was hotly contested. The counsel for the defendant are Fred Ikeler, A. C. Jackson of this county, and Messrs Reese and Oliver of Scranton. Paul J. Sherwood represents the plaintiff.

BE PATIENT.

In the Telephone Exchange the wires are being changed from the old switch board to the new, and there is necessarily some confusion. Patrons should be patient, and not find fault with the girls if a wrong call or a wrong number is given. They are not to blame, and are doing the best they can under the circumstances. Before long everything will be adjusted, and much better service is promised.

Miss Ethel Bierman will arrive home from Simmons College, Massachusetts, on the 23rd, to spend the holiday vacation.

CHRISTMAS

But Two Weeks Off

GET BUSY

Bath Robes
House Coats
Sweater Coats
Fur Caps
Neckwear
Heavy Driving Gloves
Adler's Fine Kid Gloves
Bradley Mufflers
Luzerne Underwear.
Everwear Hosiery
Stetson Hats.
Toques and Pull Caps
Golf Gloves
Boys' Indian Gauntlets
Boys' Corduroy Suits
Presto Collar Overcoats
All 50c, $1.00 and $2.00
Neckwear in Boxes
Boys Suit Cases
Umbrellas

TOWNSEND'S
CORNER
CLOTHING STORE,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

His Vacation

A little group of men stood in front of the booth where visitors to the summer amusement park, throw balls at a row of grotesque dolls.

A big fellow with a hoarse voice and a very red face was disputing with the proprietor.

"I gave you a dime," he snarled. "It wasn't a nickel, it was a dime."

The proprietor of the booth, a mild little man with weak blue eyes, shook his head.

"I haven't taken in a dime to-day," he said. "Here's my bank." And he pushed an open cigar box toward the big fellow.

"I don't care anything about your bank," the big fellow cried. "I tell you I give you a dime. I've had my three shots—now gimme my change."

The little man looked about despairingly. No park policeman was in sight. The crowd was growing larger.

"You give me a nickel,' said the little man, "but I dont' want any fuss."

The big man snorted.

"Do you mean to say I'm a liar?" he demanded.

"That's what you are," came a voice from the rear of the crowd.

The big man whirled around.

"Who said that?" he roared.

"I did," the voice replied.

The big man straightened up on tiptoe.

"Where are you?" he cried.

"Here," replied the voice. It sounded from the left of the crowd, which had now grown to considerable proportions.

"Lemme git at him!" roared the big man.

And he pushed into the group.

"Look out where you're goin'," cautioned a stout man as he thrust an elbow into the fellow's side.

"Easy there," snapped a little man. You're on my feet." And he kicked the big fellow viciously.

In an instant the sentiment of the group changed. The loungers had enjoyed seeing the little proprietor bailed by the red faced man. Now it turned against the bully. It pushed and buffeted him and when he was clear of it he had lost all desire to find the man who had impeached his veracity. As for the latter, he seemed to have melted into the air.

The crowd broke up with the departure of the bully, and in a moment or two there was no one left in front of the booth save a boy.

He was a boy perhaps nineteen, a clear eyed lad with a sunburnt skin and dark curly hair. He was neatly dressed, but his clothes were old fashioned in cut, and he wore a broad brimmed straw hat that had seen other summers.

The boy looked up at the little proprietor.

"Bad man," he said.

The proprietor nodded.

"Yep. He was out for trouble all right. That was a big bluff, of course, but what could I do? I couldn't afford to have any trouble with him. Business is bad enough as it is."

He sighed as he spoke.

The boy looked at him curiously.

"Bad season, eh?"

"Worst I ever knew. An' I've had some pretty tough ones." His eye wandered over the grounds. "There's that loafer, now. He's having a fuss over there at the chutes. He'd better not fool with those fellows. They'll drop him in the pond." He softly chuckled. "I wonder who 'twas called him a liar?"

"I did," said the boy.

"You! Why, you wasn't even lookin' at him."

The boy laughed.

"Guess I hadn't the courage to look at him when I said it."

"But the voice came from over there," persisted the proprietor.

"It was my voice." The boy suddenly stooped as if to pick something from the ground. As he did so a dog snarled and barked at the proprietor's heels.

"Get out!" the little man shouted as he quickly looked around—and lo! there was no dog there. He turned to the boy. "Did you do that?"

"Yes."

The little proprietor pushed the balls toward him.

"As many shots as you like," he said.

"Thank you," said the boy. "Not now. Business is bad, eh? Want a partner?"

"There aint' a livin' in it for one let alone two."

"But suppose a partner could build it up and put it on a paying basis?"

"That's the kind o' partner I want."

The boy nodded.

"I'm looking 'round," he said. "You've noticed I'm from the country. I had a chance to go on a farm after I finished school, but I thought I'd rather go up to the city and see if I couldn't find some sort of opening. I don't want anything permanent just yet—I've got too much to learn. At the same time, I've got to get a living. Maybe you'd better take me on a salary for a spell. I dont' want to tie up for long. Wait. You needn't give me a cent if I don't put your business here on a fair paying basis. When I do I want a reasonable share of the profits. What do you say?"

The little man stared at him.

"You beat anything I ever saw," he said. "Where did you learn that ventriloquial business?"

The boy laughed.

"Out in the woods," he answered. "I was cutting wood last fall, and, being alone, I fell to trying tricks with my voice. Pretty soon I found I could talk to myself in quite a sociable fashion."

"I'll give you a job right away at the terms you mention," said the little proprietor. "What do you propose to do to help the business?"

"I propose to look around the park first of all," the boy replied. I'll come back again a little later."

"You'll be sure to come?"

"I'll come," said the boy as he turned and walked away.

He put his hand in his trousers pocket and jingled a few coins. His finances were getting low. At the same time he realized that he was hungry.

He stepped into the restaurant near the big gates and sought a seat at one of the small tables. A waiter took his simple order and while he was gone the boy studied his surroundings. He was interrupted by the return of his order and by the appearance of a tall man who took a seat opposite to him. The boy looked at the man. He was slender and a little gray—a man close to forty. He had sharp eyes and a firm mouth, and the sharp eyes were now bent on some slips of paper that he scanned pencil in hand.

He looked up suddenly and caught the boy's curious glance.

"Bad thing to bring your business to the table with you," he said with a quick smile. "You must never let the thought of money intrude upon your diet."

"Wouldn't the present price of beef excuse it?" drawled the boy.

"Good," said the tall man. "First time here?"

"Yes. I'm enjoying my first summer vacation."

"How do you like it?"

"I like."

The tall man smiled.

"See any chance of improving the place?"

"I see a chance of adding to the attractions."

"Eh! Perhaps you'll kindly enlighten me."

"I'd run a monorail line across the entire plaza."

The tall man stared at the boy.

'A monorail line! May I ask what you know about monorails?"

"I knew something," replied the boy with a quick laugh. "We have an old inventor down at our village, and what he doesn't know about mechanics—old principles and new—isn't worth knowing. But he hasn't the ambition to carry out any of his own schemes. He's just contented to be the village gunsmith. We are great friends and I've spent a good many Saturdays in his old shop. That's where I found out about monorails."

The keen gray eyes were studying the boy.

"Would your car be on the principle of the Englishman's invention—the gyroscope idea?"

"No," replied the boy. "I would use a narrow car seating four people. I would balance it on the rail by four twenty-foot steel rods, depending on either side and weighted at the lower ends. I would have it run by gravity. When it reached the opposite side I would have it hoisted by an elevator and sent back on another rail. It would be safe, speedy and a great curiosity."

"When did this scheme occur to you my boy?" the tall man asked.

"Five minutes ago. I picked out the locations for the two platforms."

"Oh, you have. What are you going to do this afternoon?"

The boy laughed.

'I've got an engagement, to put a man's business on a sound financial basis."

"Eh. Who is the man?"

"He's the man who runs the booth with the dolls that you throw at."

"Oh, yes. Old Tommy Carter. Tommy's in hard luck. And you're going to help him out?"

"He has my promise."

"Good. But you mustn't make any further engagements without consulting me? Wait. I'm John Temple, engineer and showman. People usually call me Colonel John Temple. I'm one of the owners of this and a half dozen other parks. That's why I don't want you to be running about wild with that monorail idea."

"My name is James Harrison," said the boy. "Where I'm known they call me Jim."

The tall man laughed and put out his hand.

"Glad to know you, Jim," he said. "Here's to our better acquaintance." He looked at his watch. "When can I see you again, my boy?"

"Will you be in the park this evening?"

"Yes."

"You'll find me at Tommy Carter's booth.'

"Goodby, boy."

"Goodby, colonel."

The attendance was large in the park that evening. And those who strolled near the Carter booth noticed that the little proprietor had labelled his dolls.

There were only five of them now, and above the quintet stretched a placard which announced in large letters that they were the Original Gooseberry Family. There were "Pa Gooseberry" and "Ma Gooseberry" and "Little Willie," and "Sister Sue" and "Aunt Jane."

Tommy Carter's weak eyes almost sparkled as he chanted the merits of his show.

"Right this way," he called, "An' take a whack at the only original Gooseberry family. Three throws for a nickel an' three elegant cigars for a hit. You cant' miss 'em. Three throws for a nickel. There's Sister Sue and Aunt Jane, too. You can't miss 'em." And he turned around and winked at Jim Harrison, who was standing back ready ready to gather up the balls.

His voice was so cheery that a little crowd speedily gathered and the first nickel was tendered.

The marksman drew back his arm.

"Stop, sir," cried Aunt Jane in a high cracked voice, "would you strike a lady?"

"Wh-what's that?" stammered the marksman.

"Take one of your own size," said Aunt Jane; "hit the boy."

The crowd roared and the marksman threw wild. He threw wild with the second ball and the third, and then he bought six more.

"Why, that's Peleg Saunders," said Pa Gooseberry. "Howdedo, Peleg."

Again the crowd roared and again and again the chuckling marksman threw wild.

It was a big crowd now and all the new comers wanted to see and hear the talking dolls. The nickels streamed in, and there were dimes, too, and even quarters.

"Hit me if you can," screamed Sister Sue. "I don't care, I don't care!"

"She's nailed on," said little Willie.

"Naughty, naughty!" cried Aunt Jane.

"Bow, wow, wow!' barked Little Willie, and the bark was so fierce and so natural that the man with the ball nervously jumped and almost hit Tommy Carter in the ear.

And the crowd roared with laughter and pressed in closer.

"'Tis th' last rose of summer," sang Ma Gooseberry in a cracked soprano.

"Hit her! hit her!" shouted the undutiful Willie.

But every thrower who came forward was so convulsed with laug'.er that anything like good marksmanship was impossible. Old Tommy Carter's stock of cheap cigars was scarcely broken into.

And still the crowd pressed forward and still the nickels and dimes poured in.

"Getting tired" Tommy Carter found the opportunity to ask the boy.

The latter straightened up with a ball in his hand.

"No," he answered, "this is only fun. How's the financial basis?"

"Its nickle plated an' a yard wide," chuckled Tommy Carter.

"What a very handsome young man," said Aunt Jane in her mincing tones as the next thrower poised the ball.

"Don't you believe a word she says," advised little Willie.

"Willyum!" said Pa Gooseberry severely.

"Dodge, pa, dodge!" shouted little Willie. "That's the champion thrower takin' aim at you!"

And the crowd roared, and the nickels flowed in and Tommy Carter wore an indelible smile, and the biggest crowd in the park pressed around and fought for chances to throw.

And when the time was up and the big bell over the main gates sounded the signal for clearing the grounds the crowd reluctantly dispersed.

Tommy Carter turned and caught the boy by the shoulder.

"You're all right, lad," he said and his voice broke a little. "You're all right, partner."

The boy had suddenly turned at Tommy's words. Now he just as suddenly turned back.

"Why, it's Colonel Temple," cried Aunt Jane. "Howdedo, colonel? I hope you're quite perniketty?"

Tommy Carter looked around with a frightened start.

"Hush," he hoarsely whispered to the boy.

The tall man strode forward. He had laughed until his eyes were wet.

"It's all right, Tommy," he said. "Jim and I are on the best of terms. I'll forgive you both for drawing the crowd away from the other shows. Where are you stopping, Jim?"

"Anywhere, colonel."

"Then you'll stop with me to-night. You needn't be afraid, Tommy; I'm not going to steal your partner away from you. I'm going to make him a proposition for use later on. Come, my boy."

The lad looked around.

"I'm not quite ready to settle down to anything permanent, colonel."

"And when will you be ready, my boy?"

"As soon as I finish my summer vacation. Good-night, partner."

"Good night." Tommy called after them.—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Try a Change.

Drop persecuting your wife with growls about how big the bills are for the children's shoes. Carry her away for a day of spring rest and recreation, and get a new viewpoint yourself. Take your eyes off the stock ticker and freshen them with an afternoon's vision of the blue sky. Pull your head out of your cash drawer, go to a baseball game and blow some sunshiny air through your musty brain. Give over being a worm merely grubbing for money, run out into the open and be a red-blooded, virile human being for a change. Then you will have some real work in you fighting to come out like steam out of a boiler under 300 pounds' pressure. The problem of the children's shoe bills will be solved—and a lot more besides. Quit existing. Try living.—New York Press.

Cow Never said a Word.

When one of the fenders of the City railway cars picked up a young heifer at the corner of Third and Jersey streets the conductor filled out the required report blank to Superintendent Edward Howell. In answer to the question: "What did the victim say?" the employe wrote: "She was carried along on the fender for a short distance, then rolled off and ran away without saying a word."—Dayton Columbus Dispatch.

BEAUTIES OF THE BLACK ROD.

He is the King's Messenger, Yet Doors are Slammed in His Face.

Black Rod is perhaps the most picturesque functionary of Parliament. His titles are Chief of All the Ushers of England and Custodian of the Doors of the High Court called Parliament. As such he sits in a box to the right of the bar in the House of Lords and controls the admission of strangers.

But his chief title is Messenger of the Sovereign. When the King appears in the House of Lords the members of both chambers must be present. In his capacity as royal messenger Black Rod has to go and summon the Commons.

As he walks through the lobbies one of his ushers heralds his approach with cries of "Black Rod! Way for Black Rod!" Yet it would seem from his reception at the door of the lower chamber that he is regarded there with hostility.

The moment he is heard coming, the sergeant at arms springs from his chair, which is close to the main entrance to the chamber, and, rushing to the open door, not only closes it with an inhospitable clang in the very face of Black Rod, but proceeds securely to bolt it. Presently three faint knocks are heard. The sergeant-at-arms peers into the lobby through a grated peephole with a wooden slot in the stout oaken door and sees Black Rod.

According to the program not a word is spoken. All that is heard is the subdued knocking at the portal. That soft and humble request is irresistible, and at a nod from the Speaker the door is flung open by the sergeant-at-arms and in walks the King's messenger.

The post of Black Rod, it must be explained, is in the personal gift of the King. It is invariably bestowed on old naval or military officers, a sailor and a soldier alternately enjoying its dignity and emoluments. The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod gets £1,000 a year, and he has a deputy known as Yeoman Usher of the Black Rod, whose salary is £500.

But whether he be a soldier or a sailor, Black Rod is not a very formidable looking person as he is seen on his visits to the House of Commons. On occasions of state he dons his full military of naval "fig." When he comes to summon the commons he wears his official dress—a black cutaway tunic, knee breeches, silk stockings, and silver buckled shoes.

There is not the faintest suggestion of aggressiveness in his appearance, notwithstanding the sword that dangles by his side, and the short ebony rod of office, surmounted by a golden lion rampant, which he carries in his hand. His message, too, is absolutely blameless.

When the door of the House of Commons is opened to him, the loud voiced usher preceding him stands at the bar and cries: "Black Rod!" If there be any business in hand it is at once interrupted. The Speaker respectfully rises to receive the message of the sovereign. Members retain their seats, but uncover.

Black Rod advances slowly to the table with solemn mien, as it to show that he is becoming impressed by the dignity and sanctity of the chamber. On reaching the table, he simply says:

"The Lord's Commissioners desire the immediate attendance of this honorable House in the House of Peers."

When the King is personally present in the House of Lords the message which Black Rod delivers to the Commons is more peremptorily worded. It runs: "The King commands this honorable House to attend his Majesty immediately in the House of Peers to hear the King's speech read."

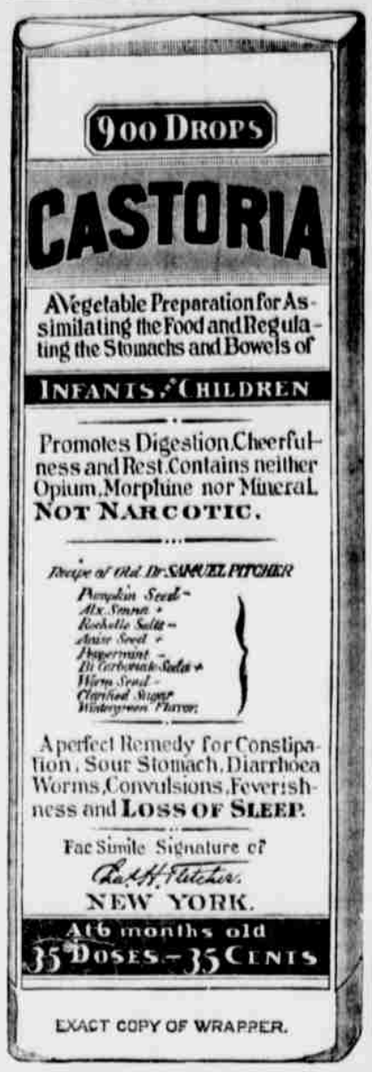
Having thus said what he was sent to say, Black Rod retires respectfully backward, bowing as he goes, to the bar, where he awaits the Speaker, and escorts him, followed by the Ministers and others of the Commons, to the House of Lords. Sometimes so awestruck is Black Rod in the presence of the mighty Commons that he forgets even the words of his short and simple and innocent message.

There was the case of Gen. Sir Michael Biddulph, R. A. He was a brilliant soldier. He served through the Crimean compaign with great distinction. For his gallent services at the occupation of Candahar in the Afghan war he received the thanks of both houses of Parliament. Yet I have seen this great soldier shaking with nervousness when, as Black Rod, he stood at the table to desire the presence of the Commons in the House of Peers.

What then is the meaning of this hostile banging of the door of the House of Commons in Black Rod's inoffensive face? Why must the King's messenger humbly knock three times for admission and wait submissively on the mat outside until the representatives of the people decide to open their doors unto him.

We find in this most interesting spectacle a demonstration of the right of the representatives of the people to conduct their deliberations in secret, should they deem it necessary, to shut their doors, especially against messengers of sovereigns or peers, and also a declaration that no stranger, low or high, dare enter their chamber without permission, humbly asked and expressly granted.

Seven lines too long.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A KNOTTY QUESTION

How You Can Mystify Your Friends with a Handerkchief.

This is a very amusing and deceptive trick. You ask any one for a handkerchief, and tie the ends firmly together in a double knot, allowing him to feel it, or pull the ends as tight as he pleases. You then throw the center of the handkerchief over the knot, and ask the person to hold it tight between his finger and thumb. You ask him if the knot is still there, to which he will answer in the affirmative. You then take hold of any part of the handkerchief, and direct the holder to drop the handkerchief at the word "three." You count: "One, two, three," at which word he loosens his hold of the handkerchief, and there is no vestige left of the knot.

The method of managing this trick is as follows: Take the handkerchief and tie the ends in a simple knot, keeping one end tight and the other end loose. We will call the tight end A and the loose one B. Keep A always in the right hand, and on the stretch horizontally, and the handkerchief will look as in the cut. Do this when you tie it the second time, and

How Knot is Tied.

draw B tight, which will then form a double tie round A, but will not hold it firm. When you throw the handkerchief over the knot, you draw out A with the finger and thumb of the left hand, and the knot will apparently remain firm, although in reality it is nothing but a double twist of silk, which, of course, falls loose when the handkerchief is dropped.

When Pony Turned the Tables.

Johnny had a pony;
How hard he did ride!
He visited most every place
In all the country wide.

But one day little pony
Decided she would rest,
And go she simply wouldn't,
Though Johnny coaxed his best.

Right still stood little pony
In the middle of the road,
And Johnny sat upon her,
A very heavy load.

He coaxed her and he kicked her,
And then the pony, dear,
So angry grew she threw him
Right in a creek quite near

And at last when Johnny
Came out, in sorry plight,
He said: "Poor little pony,
You served a bad boy right"

Friday.

It's heaps of fun to be a boy
When Friday comes along;
That day a boy don't mind a bit,
No matter what goes wrong.

Sometimes on Friday we are good,
A reg'lar model class,
The teacher smiles at three, and says,
"The first line rise and pass."

We get our hats; our books we strap;
And whistling a tune,
We hurry out. There's nothing like
A Friday afternoon.

You say it's odd that Friday should
A part so noted play?
Just ask a boy; he'll tell you why;
The next is Saturday.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Now that the football season is over, the skating season has come in to keep up the average mortality.

—

King Leopold, the aged monarch of Belgium, is seriously ill, and little hope is entertained for his recovery.

—

The foundations of the original Harvard College Building apparently have been unearthed in excavating the Cambridge, Mass., subway.

—

"You can never succeed by nursing defeat," exclaims the Hughesville *Mail*.

You can if you use the proper corn salve.

—

The feather boa of a woman on an Amsterdam Avenue car, in New York on Sunday, caught fire and made quite a commotion. She very likely felt hot under the collar.

—

The Chicago City Council has recently passed an ordinance requiring that in cases of a delay of over ten minutes on Surface or elevated lines, fares must be refunded to the passengers.

—

Shenandoah had a destructive fire last Friday night which burned several buildings. Owing to the scant supply of water, it appeared for a time that a large section of the town was doomed.

—

The latest advice of Dr. Horace Fletcher, the exponent of rational eating, is that soup should be chewed. We are eagerly awaiting his instructions to run the atmosphere through a meat grinder before breathing.

—

Declaring that the annual loss to the farmers of Kansas on account of chinch bugs is from $5,000,000 to $25,000,000, Dr. J. P. Headlee of the Kansas State Agricultural college is experimenting with methods of destroying the pest.

—

The Board of Engineers of the Quebec Bridge, which fell a couple of years ago while in course of construction, has called for bids for the removal of the wreckage of the old bridge and the building of the new substructure.

—

With snow flying through the air, and the streams frozen over; with the thermometers going down, and the coal bills going up; with water pipes bursting and with Christmas nearly here, a Milton contemporary spreads the interrogative headline before its readers, "Is Winter Here?"

Yes, friends, it is.

—

Williamsport and Lock Haven are hoping to be connected by a trolley line within a year. The line if built will connect with the existing trolley system of Williamsport at Newberry and the tracks will pass through a populous section to Jersey Shore, Nippono Park and Avis at which latter point the line will go through Woolrich and Great Island to the Lock Haven Terminus.

—

A Worcester, Massachusetts man claims that an aeroplane of his invention flew from Worcester to New York, then to Boston and back to Worcester one night last September, carrying three passengers. He refuses to tell where he keeps the machine, or to give any particulars of its construction.

Before giving out any more tales of remarkable flights, it would be well for him to consider that most of us are from Missouri.

—

Henry Clews had the nerve to address a suffragette meeting in Brooklyn on Sunday and tell them why he thought women should not vote. The horrid man! Half the audience arose and very justly raised Cain when he finished his speech. One of the more radical of the gentle ladies even went so far as to call Mr. Clews a nasty old thing! The poor man was alone in his predicament, as all of the husbands were at home taking care of the youngsters.

—

Cyrus Townsend Brady, Naval Academy graduate, author and Episcopal priest, has had a new experience. His parish, St. George's Kansas City, being without a church the Jewish Congregation of B'nai Jehudah offered its edifice as a place of worship for his parishioners. Dr. Brady, accepting the courtesy, now finds himself conducting Christian services in a Jewish synagogue. "The action of the Jews seems to me a significant example of modern church comity," said Dr. Brady. "Their generous offer is the first of the kind I have heard of."

The Zoological Press Bulletin.

of the Division of Zoology, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture. Timely Topics of Plants and Pests Discussed Weekly. By H. A. Surface, State Zoologist.

DEALING WITH THE WOOLLY APHIS.

Some infested apple twigs were received from Franklin county at the Division of Zoology of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, and the person sending them was of the opinion that the trees were infested when they left the nursery. In reporting upon these twigs, State Zoologist Surface wrote as follows:

"The apple twigs which you sent are infested with an insect known as the Woolly Aphis. It is not the regular Apple Aphis but a worse pest, for the reason that it feeds not only on the bark of twigs but also on the roots. You are liable to receive these pests from any nurserymen, or they may come to your trees after you get them from the nursery.

"I would recommend that you spray your trees soon, with any good contact insecticide, such as is recommended for San Jose Scale. Lime-sulfur wash will do for this. Be sure that the spray liquid is blown into all knots and cracks where these pests inhabit.

"The worst feature about the Woolly Aphis is that it attacks the roots, and this you can not well determine without making special examination for it. It produces knots which keep the sap from flowing well through them, whether they be on the roots or branches, and it also keeps these places in about the same condition as sores on animals. Where the insects are on the roots the best thing to do is to remove the soil enough to expose them, and at once cover the infested places with powdered tobacco or tobacco dust, which in itself is a valuable fertilizer, and then replace the soil, and you may be sure the pests will be killed. Remember that powdered tobacco is better than tobacco stems for this purpose.

"If you do not wish to go to the trouble and expense of spraying the trees for the Woolly Aphis, and if they have no San Jose Scale, or other pests, that would demand a winter spray with contact insecticides, such as lime-sulfur wash, you can treat this pest efficiently and much cheaper by simply using a paint brush, and painting the spots where it occurs with a contact insecticide, such as one pound of whale oil soap dissolved in one gallon of water, or extra strong lime-sulfur solution, or twenty per cent. kerosene emulsion, or such other materials as are effeient and satisfactory for San Jose Scale."

MAKING THE LIME-SULFUR WASH.

At this time of the year owners of fruit trees are preparing to spray their trees before the setting in of freezing weather. It consequently happens that many of the letters received at the Division of Zoology of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture contain queries in regard to spraying. No matter how often published, information is still requested as to the making of the lime-sulfur solution, the quality of lime to use, whether iron kettles in which the solution is boiled will be damaged, etc. The following replies to the questions contained in a letter recently received by State Zoologist Surface, of Harrisburg, will, therefore, be read with interest:

"Replying to your recent letter asking about the best formula for spraying for San Jose Scale, I beg to say there is certainly nothing better than the boiled lime-sulfur wash, either commercial or home-boiled. If one has much scale he should spray his trees in the fall or winter, at any time after the leaves fall, and again in the spring when the buds are swelling. If they are not badly infested the spring spray ing should be sufficient. Thoroughness is essential. To make this mixture, fresh lime or quick lime is needed. Air-slaked lime will not do for the reason that the air-slaked lime has undergone a chemical change, and is not the same substance, chemically, as the quick lime and does not make the same chemical union. It is more inert or inactive.

"It is possible to keep lime in the same chemical form as the quick lime or fresh lime if you will slake it in water at once and keep it beneath water, or, in other words, keep enough water over it to keep it in the form of a paste or putty. When you want to use it, take three times as much of the lime paste as you would of the dry material.

"It is impossible to spray too often with the lime-sulfur wash. If you use other materials, especially oils, it is possible to do so; and, in fact, the oftener you spray with them the greater will be the danger to the trees.

"The boiled lime-sulfur wash is made by boiling seventeen pounds of sulfur and twenty-two of lime with enough water to boil, and then adding enough to make fifty gallons. It will not injure an iron kettle, but it will destroy copper. You can clean the kettle with hot vinegar."

Comet Not Yet Visible to the Eye.

A contemporary last week advised its readers to look for Halley's comet on Saturday evening, as it would be visible to the naked eye at that time. If anybody craned his neck heavenward in search of the ethereal wanderer, he was disappointed. The comet is still invisible, except through large telescopes, and it will remain so until early in the new year. Its nearest approach to the earth in its heavenly joy ride will occur in May of next year, when it will be a glorious sight in the western sky.

It is interesting to note that this comet, which approaches the sun every seventy-fifth year, has been observed twenty-four times previous to its present appearance, of which observations there are records exstant, and it is very probable that Chinese records dated 467 B. C. refer to this same body.

Don't be impatient. Some time in January you may see the comet, which will grow continually brighter until May, when it will begin to fade, becoming invisible again about September.

Cornell for Reform.

The Cornell University faculty on Saturday adopted a resolution advocating strong reform in the rules governing football.

The resolution says: "With a view to securing greater safety of life and limb and higher standards of honor and fair play, it is the insistent opinion of this faculty that the continuance of football as a game for undergraduates depends upon an effective revision and enforcement of the rules regulating the game."

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Ice Trust Got a Frost in Court.

The American Ice Company, one of the greatest corporations which lives by dealing in the necessities of life, was found guilty last Friday in the New York Supreme Court, of restricting competition in and attempting to create a monopoly of the sale of ice. A five thousand dollar fine was imposed. It is possible that this company, which supplies eight millions of customers, may ultimately be dissolved.

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5.40	1.50	8.50
6.20	2.50	9.50
6.50	3.50	10.50
7.50	4.50	* 11.50
8.50	5.50	
9.50	6.50	
10.50		
11.50		

" First car leaves Market Square for Berwick on Sunday at 6.50 a. m.
¶ From Power House.
* Saturday Night Only.

Cars leave Berwick for Danville:

A. M.	M.	P. M.
6.00	12.00	6.00
7.00	P. M.	7.00
*7.20	1.00	8.00
8.00	2.00	9.00
9.00	3.00	*10.00
10.00	4.00	*11.00
11.00	5.00	*12.00
		† 1.00

First car leaves Berwick for Danville on Sunday at 8.00 a. m.
* Bloomsburg Only.
† Saturday Night to Bloomsburg Only.

Cars leave Market Square, Bloomsburg, for Danville:

A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
5.10	12.10	6.10
6.00	1.10	7.10
7.10	2.10	8.10
8.10	3.10	9.10
9.10	4.10	10.10
10.10	5.10	*11.10
11.10		

First car leaves Market Square for Danville on Sunday at 7.10 a. m.
* Saturday Night Only.

Cars leave Danville for Berwick:

A. M.	M.	P. M.
6.00	12.00	6.00
7.00	P. M.	7.00
8.00	1.00	8.00
9.00	2.00	9.00
10.00	3.00	10.00
11.00	4.00	* 11.00
	5.00	¶12.00

First car leaves Danville for Berwick on Sunday at 8.00 a. m.
* Bloomsburg Only.
¶Saturday Night to Bloomsburg Only.

Cars leave Market Square, Bloomsburg for Catawissa:

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†7.00	1.00	8.00
†8.00	†2.00	9.00
9.00	†3.00	10.10
†10.00	4.00	*11.00
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First car leaves Market Square for Catawissa on Sunday at 7.00 a. m.
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Cars leave Catawissa for Bloomsburg:

A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
5.50	12.30	6.30
6.35	1.30	7.30
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8.30	3.30	9.30
9.30	4.30	10.30
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	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	21 A.M.
	†	†	†	†
Bloomsburg D L & W	9 00	2 35	6 15	6 00
Bloomsburg P & R	9 02	2 39	6 17	...
Paper Mill	9 14	2 52	6 29	6 25
Light Street	9 18	2 56	6 34	6 05
Orangeville	9 26	3 03	6 48	6 52
Forks	9 36	3 10	6 59	7 08
Zaners	¶9 40	¶3 17	6 57	7 15
Stillwater	9 48	3 25	7 05	7 30
Benton	9 56	3 33	7 13	8 10
Edsons	¶10 00	¶3 37	¶7 17	8 20
Coles Creek	¶10 03	¶3 40	¶7 21	8 36
Laubachs	¶10 08	¶3 45	¶7 31	8 35
Grass Mere Park	¶10 0	¶3 47	¶7 33	...
Central	10 15	3 52	7 41	8 52
Jamison City	10 18	3 55	7 45	9 00

SOUTHWARD.

	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	A.M.	22 A.M.
	†	†	†	§	†
Jamison City	5 50	10 48	4 35	7 00	11 15
Central	5 53	10 51	4 38	7 03	11 30
Grass Mere Park	¶6 01	¶11 00	¶4 47	¶7 12	...
Laubachs	¶6 03	¶11 02	¶4 48	¶7 13	11 38
Coles Creek	¶6 12	¶11 06	¶4 53	¶7 22	11 45
Edsons	¶6 14	¶11 09	¶4 56	¶7 24	11 50
Benton	6 18	11 13	5 00	7 28	12 25
Stillwater	6 28	11 21	5 08	7 38	12 48
Zaners	¶6 35	¶11 29	¶5 15	¶7 45	12 43
Forks	6 39	11 33	5 21	7 49	12 50
Orangeville	6 50	11 42	5 31	8 00	1 10
Light Street	7 00	11 50	5 39	8 10	1 22
Paper Mill	7 03	11 53	5 42	8 13	1 27
Bloom. P & R	7 18	12 05	5 55	8 25	1 47
Bloom. D L & W	7 20	12 10	6 00	8.30	1 50
		P. M			P. M

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M. E. Stackhouse. Clinton Herring.

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All communications should be addressed

THE COLUMBIAN, Bloomsburg, Pa.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1909.

OLEO CROWDING OUT BUTTER.

Substitute's Sales Increase Hundred Fold—Latter's Price Too High.

Says the New York *Times*: "The continued rise in the price of butter, with no sign of a drop in the near future, is causing the manufacturers and dealers in oleomargarine to rejoice. They say that all their product needs to win recognition by the public is a trial, and because of the present high prices of butter the number of people who accept the substitute is daily increasing. The state authorities are receiving many applications for dealers to sell the product. It is retailed for 25 cents or less per pound, while the best butter now costs 40 cents.

"The manager of the grocery department of a large department store said yesterday that its business in oleomargarine has greatly increased in the last few weeks. In the last year, he said, the sales of oleo or butterine, as the oleomargarine is called, have increased a hundredfold.

"Oleo must be labeled 'oleomargarine' in letters of a size large enough to be easily seen, and it must not be colored. An arrest was made in Brooklyn Friday for peddling oleo as the 'best dairy butter.' Frank Jones, who gave his address as Jersey City, was in charge of a wagon containing several hundred pounds of the butter substitute. It is said that he tore off that part of the label containing the name oleomargarine before selling it. Jones was arraigned before Commissioner Benedict and held in $1,000 bail for the grand jury."

A Stringent Law.

Justices of the peace are bearing in mind that under the provisions of an act of assembly, approved by Governor Stuart, May 8, 1909, persons making charges of threat and surety of the peace may be committed to jail in default of payment of costs, if the magistrate finds upon hearing the evidence that the complainant is in no danger as to person and property. The preamble sets forth that the practice of bringing unwarranted actions has become so common as to burden the Commonwealth with unnecessary costs that the magistrates are enjoined to carefully hear the evidence and, if it be found that the complaint is without just grounds the costs may be imposed upon either of the parties or divided between them in any proportion that the magistrate may think just, and in the event that payment is refused the delinquent may be committed.

Navigating the Susquehanna.

History and certain people at Washington connected with Rivers and Harbors legislation declare the Susquehanna a navigable stream. History has known this 126 years; how long Washington officials have been cognizant of the fact is not indicated in the suggestion that the West Branch valley ought to have water transportation.

In 1783 the Susquehanna was declared a "public highway," and as such was the means by which many of the first settlers came into this region. Their boats were poled up the stream, against the same strong current for which the Susquehanna is noted today. Then came boats of the barge type which carried thirty to thirty-five tons of freight. They were usually propelled with oars, though sometimes were towed. There were several navigation companies on the Susquehanna in the early part of the past century, and warehouses were erected at intervals along the river as far south as the Chesapeake bay. Grain was stored in these warehouses until it could be sent to market.

In 1805, sails were tried and in some parts of the river worked so well that they became largely used. Steamboat navigation was attempted in 1816, when two boats were built, one at Philadelphia and the other at Baltimore, for the purpose of bringing iron down from the Karthaus furnace in Clearfield county. These boats, the Susquehanna and Codorus, encountered many vicissitudes in their short career. The latter reached Williamsport after the most trying voyage possible to conceive. Here it created a great sensation, and great possibilities were predicted for the new steamship line. Then the Codorus steamed down the river to Northumberland, and that was the last of her as far as Williamsport was concerned. The Susquehanna tried to ascend the Nescopec rapids and her boiler blew up. Then came the canal. All this, of course is ancient history.

Now, after a lapse of 83 years, during which time the rocks and rapids of the Susquehanna have not changed for the better in any appreciable particular, the river is declared navigable as far west as Clearfield. We hope it is true. We hope it will not be many years ere great floating palaces come booming up from the ocean and hitch at the Market street wharf where now lie only the gallant Sylvan Dell and her gasoline consort. There may be dynamite enough in the world to blow out a channel and build locks and dams and spillways and what not. Probably there is, or the people at Washington never would have placed the Susquehanna on the list of navigable waters. We should like to have them come up and take a look at the Riffles at Sylvan Dell and some other places between Williamsport and Clearfield which could be as easily overcome as the Isthmus of Panama. Then if they want to fix up the old stream so that it will float something besides a sixteen-foot launch let them do their worst.—*Williamsport Gazette and Bulletin.*

By the will of the late Charles H. Farman, Jr., Yale University is bequeathed half a million dollars for buildings for the Sheffield Scientific School.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Ingredients: Sulphur. Glycerin. Quinin. Sodium Chlorid. Capsicum. Sage. Alcohol. Water. Perfume.

Anything injurious here? Ask your doctor.
Anything of merit here? Ask your doctor.
Will it stop falling hair? Ask your doctor.
Will it destroy dandruff? Ask your doctor.

Does not Color the Hair

J. C. AYER COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.

WASHINGTON

From our Regular Correspondent.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 14, 1909.

Congress is again in session at the Capitol of the United States or rather it was in session until it adjourned. Seldom has there been a tamer opening of the National legislative body. There was not a suggestion of sensationalism. A little irony perhaps in the motion to print the President's Winona speech the one in which he endorsed what has been characterized as the Cannon and Aldrich fake tariff reform bill. And this was intensified when an amendment carried with it the printing of Cannon's speech in which he read the Insurgents out of the party. The President's message was the tamest received by Congress in eight years. Its reading had the effect to empty many seats in the House and Senate. Only a few members and Senators remained to hear it through. The document while devoid of any new and startling proposals is a safe and conservative state paper and quite up to the average of Presidential messages to Congress.

It is already given out that the President will soon send to Congress important supplementary messages and one relative to the Pinchot-Ballinger controversey in which it is stated that the Cabinet Officer will be re-exonerated is expected in a few days.

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There are other Congresses in Washington which have before them work or enterprises of national importance The Southern Congress with representatives from sixteen Southern states which has for its object the promotion of Southern trade and industry has well attended meetings in Willard's Hotel. The Senate and House of Representatives have adjourned from day to day in order that their members may be present at the deliberations of this Southern Convention and also at the sessions of the Waterways improvement Convention which is represented here by it is said four thousand delegates. It is their wish to have Congress issue half a billion in bonds at the rate of fifty millions a year for ten years but the President in his address before this body expressed his disapproval at this time of that scheme. The Southern Congress has purchased ground on one of the most valuable corners in the city and will erect there a building costing more than one million of dollars to be used for offices and as a kind of club house for the promotion of the objects of the Southern organization. This brings to mind another enterprise and a crying need in the city of Washington, a permanent hall or temple to be used by the hundreds of conventions and visiting organizations that come to the national Capital for counsel and deliberation. The city of Washington has made more then one abortive effort to build a Convention Hall but a great portion of the population of Washington is made up of Government clerks on small salaries and fully one third of the population is of ninety thousand of Africans, the most degenerate and physically and spiritually aenemic mob that can be found anywhere in the world. This is not exaggeration or mere assertion. It is a statement borne out by the census report and demonstrable by charity, health office statistics and police court records. There are in this city some wealthy residents, men who have made fortunes elsewhere who have retired to Washington as a home. These subscribed liberally to the Convention Hall project as did also the proprietors of the larger hotels but there was not sufficient in subscription to carry out an enterprise requiring at least two millions of dollars. Secretary Root and other distinguished men have suggested a plan to raise the money by small subscriptions from all the people of the United States. A postage stamp from the ninety millions of people composing the population of the United States and territories it has been said would build in Washington a convention temple of the states and furnish a home as it were, in this peculiarly national city, for the many visiting organizations that come to Washington.

***

It is somewhat unusual for another congress in Washington to eclipse the regular Congress at the Capitol, but this is the actual situation at this writing. The Waterway Congress or convention holding its sessions in the banqueting room on the eighth story of the Willard Hotel is looked upon as a gathering of pre-eminent national importance, and at the opening of its sessions yesterday, the Congress at the Capitol having adjourned, the President of the United States, foreign ambassadors, and many senators and representatives in Congress were present. President Taft made the opening address and expressed himself in favor of a national system of waterways, but advised against urging an immediate issue of 500,000,000 in bonds. President Taft has considerably improved as a speaker. He speaks with ease, he talks with ease and without embarrassment. Perhaps the greatest fault in his style is an apparent lack of seriousness, an apparent impression that a story or joke is necessary to ingratiate himself, and put him en rapport with his audience. This detracts from the dignity and seriousness of any subject upon which he may speak, and is in strong contrast with the earnest and convincing style of his predecessor. Any one will seek in vain in all the speeches of Roosevelt for any desire or attempt to be funny or flattering. It is difficult for one to believe that a man is thoroughly in earnest when he can turn aside to be funny.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

GRANGERS' CONVENTION.

Three Days' Program Arranged for Annual Meeting of State Organization.

All the arrangements have been completed for the annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Grange at State College, beginning Tuesday, December 21, and continuing three days. The indications are that it will be the largest assemblage in the history of the organization. Thousands of persons representing every county in the State are expected to attend, and the program for each day's session will be replete with matters particularly interesting to those engaged in agriculture, horticulture and kindred subjects.

In connection with the meeting there will be held the third annual educational exhibit of the Department of Horticulture. The display last year was probably the finest ever held in the State, and the prospects are good for a better exhibit this year. Orchard and garden products of Pennsylvania will be shown, while the horticultural show and the display of farm, garden and dairy implements will be larger than ever.

There is also to be a butter scoring contest. Each sample will be carefully judged by experts, who will, besides giving the score, also point out as far as possible, the reasons for the defects and make suggestions as to improving the quality. It is the purpose of the department to make the work entirely educational.

Wednesday evening during the Grange session will be devoted to a public meeting to be opened with music. The program will be as follows: Address of welcome in behalf of the Centre County Pomona Grange, No. 13, by Leonard Rhone, past master of the Pennsylvania State Grange; response, State Master W. T. Creasy; dramatic recitation, Miss Williams Anderson; address in behalf of State College town; response by J. T. Ailman, State secretary; address in behalf of the State College, President Edwin E. Sparks; response, John A. McSparran, secretary of the Legislative Committee of the State Grange.

The exhibition of agricultural products, electrical appliances and agricultural inventions will be open to the public during the entire week.

The dairy building of State College, which is one of the best equipped of the kind in the United States will be open to members, who will have an opportunity of witnessing students at work making butter and cheese.

There will also be an exhibition in one of the buildings of many articles of interest to the farmer and the farmer's wife, particularly in machines that make the burden of housekeeping less irksome.

Persons going to the State Grange will be transferred at Bellefonte to the Bellefonte Central Railroad and taken by special train to State College.

You All Know Them.

An exchange truthfully remarks, "There are a few people in every place (and pretty nice people too) who will enter a grocery store, run their fingers into a barrel and lop up a couple of ounces of sugar, nibble at the back of a herring, eat a handful of nuts, cut off a slice of cheese, just to taste, then, as a matter of course must take a few crackers; and perhaps before they make up their mind to buy a bar of soap they have eaten up the profits on $2 worth of groceries, and to wind it all up they have it charged, and the poor merchant perhaps realizes a profit of one cent. They leave the store munching a couple of apples. This is no dream but a reality, except some times they don't buy any soap. But such is life."

CHRISTMAS
Shopping is Under Way!

Foresighted people are doing their Christmas shopping NOW—before the rush begins and when the best selections are to be had. You will benefit by following their example. Make out your list TODAY—bring it here, and later on you'll be thankful that you acted on this suggestion.

We are ready to solve each of your gift-problems with rare satisfaction and economy. This store has become a veritable wonderland of toys, dolls and beautiful gift things for folk of all ages. Our Christmas displays this year surpass anything ever attempted in this city before.

F. P. PURSEL,
BLOOMSBURG, PA.

An Irresistible Bargain.

$1.75 Value for Only $1.15.

ALL FOR ONLY **$1.15**

- One Year's Subscription for McCall's Magazine
- Any 15-Cent McCall Pattern you may select
- One Year's Subscription for The Columbian.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

Is a large, artistic, handsomely illustrated hundred-page monthly magazine. It contains sixty new Fashion Designs in each issue. Every woman needs it for its up-to-date fashions, entertaining stories and complete information on all home and personal topics. Over one million subscribers. Acknowledged the best Home and Fashion Magazine. Regular price, 5 cents a copy Worth double.

McCall Patterns

So simple you cannot misunderstand them. Absolutely accurate. In style, irreproachable. You may select, free, any McCall Pattern you desire from the first number of the magazine which reaches you. Regular price, 15 cents.

The Columbian

is the oldest newspaper in the county. It is not sensational, and what it prints is reliable, and fit to be read by anybody. Regular price $1.00 per year.

DON'T MISS

THIS EXTRAORDINARY OFFER

Call at our office or address your order to

The Columbian, Bloomsburg, Pa.

AT EVANS'

STRIKINGLY HANDSOME DRESS BOOT

in the newest style. In dull finish calf with black cloth top, button.

For Women, Price $3.50.

TRY A PAIR.

CHAS. M. EVANS.

THE COLUMBIAN.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1909

Entered at the Post Office, Bloomsburg, Pa. as second class matter, March 1, 1886.

Legal advertisements on page 8.

The palm tree's life is 250 years. This is considerably longer than that of some family trees.

The Daughters of the American Revolution have gained 1377 new members in the past two months.

Monday's severe storm destroyed the barns of Wilson Hawk and Nathan Miller, in Main township.

Commander Peary lectured on the Arctic regions in Irem Temple at Wilkes-Barre last Monday evening.

Grant Biddle shot off the large toe of his right foot while hunting rabbits in Pine township on Monday.

Allen's Lung Balsam

will cure not only a fresh cold, but one of those stubborn coughs that usually hang on for months. Give it a trial and prove its worth. 25c. 50c. and 1.00. 25 4t

The Recreation Athletic Association has decided not to put a team in the Susquehanna Base Ball League next season.

Kalamazoo, Michigan had a fire last week which destroyed a hotel and twenty stores, entailing a loss of half a million dollars.

The Danville water works were forced to shut down Tuesday night on account of an extensive break in the water main.

When Rubbers Become Necessary

And your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder to be shaken into the shoes, is just the thing to use. Try it for Breaking in New Shoes. Sold Everywhere, 25c. DON'T ACCEPT ANY SUBSTITUTE. 11 25 4t

At Sunbury Judges Savidge and Auten have issued an order demanding that all Northumberland county saloons be closed on Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs James E. Brown, of Harrisburg, are visiting at the home of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Brown, on South Market street.

According to Uncle Sam's most recent figures, everybody in the United States ought to have $34.98 at this Christmas time.

Uncle Sam isn't a married man!

No Backache or Kidney Pains.

If you have pains in the back, urinary, bladder or kidney trouble, dizziness and lack of energy, try Mother Gray's AUSTRALIAN-LEAF, the pleasant herb cure. As a regulator it has no equal. At Druggists, or by mail, 50c. Ask to-day. SAMPLE FREE. Address The Mother Gray Co., LeRoy, N. Y. 11 25 4t

Captain Thomas Franklin pleaded guilty, at New York, to embezzling mess funds at West Point.

Seems to have gotten into a mess from what he got out of the mess.

The Shickshinny *Mountain Echo* urges its readers to "get the Christmas spirit." It seems to forget that some people prefer to flavor the plum pudding with molasses.

THE SECRET OUT.

"What made my lovely complexion? I do not like to tell, for it was medicine, but the nicest a woman ever took. It was Lane's Family Medicine that did it." This is a pleasant herb tea which acts favorably on the stomach and bowels, purifying the blood and cleansing the skin like magic. It cures headache and backache. Druggists and dealers sell it, 25c.

The invitations have been sent out for the annual Christmas dance of the Craftsman, to be held in the Cathedral, Tuesday evening, December twenty-eighth.

John Brophy has sued Cleveland township, for $3500 for being hurled with his horse over an embankment because of defective guard-rails.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Don't get mad at people because they do not do things the way you think they ought to be done. They may think that their way is right. Probably it is.

The debating team of the Philologian Literary Society of the Normal School has challenged the Lock Haven Normal School in a debate. A challenge was sent to the West Chester Normal, but no reply was received.

The house of Seymour Snyder, near Buckhorn, was saved from destruction by fire on Monday morning through the timely assistance of neighbors. A large hole was burned through the roof, but the snow checked its rapid spread.

"Here's hoping that Santa's airship will not fly too high," comments a Luzerne county exchange. Furthermore, may father's after Christmas bills likewise avoid the ethereal strata, or the old gentleman will go up in the air himself.

A force of men is at work on East Seventh street, removing the iron dust which was put upon the street in the summer. The residents of that part of town have complained of it, and the death of two horses has been laid to pieces of scrap iron in the substance.

William, the ten year old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hess, is afflicted with palsy, the entire right side of the body being affected. It is very unusual that this disease attacks children. That the little fellow will soon recover is to be sincerely hoped.

Between $900,000,000 and $1,000,000,000 represents the crop of cotton with its seed, now coming upon the market, an increase of between $150,000,000 and $200,000,000 over 1908

We trust this will have no baleful effects on the market.

The following letters are held at the Bloomsburg, Pa., post office: Miss Sara Crosby, Miss Nellie Noonan, Claude B. Raife, Cards. Miss Stella Edgar, Mr. Roger Miller, Mr. Benj. Garrison, Mr. John Randall, Miss Rachael Houser, Mrs. Ida Stetler, Miss Ide Housenecht. Wm. P. Smith, Miss Clara Young.

On the occasion of her one hundred and third birthday last Monday, Mrs. Margatet Casselberry, of Norristown, was visited by her four brothers, two children, 14 grand-children, 41 great-grandchildren and 2 great-great-grandchildren.

We wonder if she baked buckwheat cakes for this bunch.

In the midst of the storm on Monday Dr. Beaver Gearhart of Danville, walked from that town to Bloomsburg on a five dollar wager.

Doctor, you could have found just as much water in your own bath-tub, and fully as deep mud in your own flower bed at home, and the fellow who lost the five-spot would have saved eighty cents by sending you up in a taxi.

Don Herring, son of former State Senator Grant Herring, now of Sunbury, who is a student at Oxford University, England, was one of the winning team in the Oxford-Rugby match played on last Saturday. This is the first time an American has ever played in the inter-'varsity match. Don was well known in athletic circles at Princeton, where he graduated with honors in 1907.

As Arthur King was talking to James Cochrane, while crossing a bridge at Pittsburg, he noticed that his companion had disappeared suddenly. His body was found later in the river.

We know nothing of the conversational propensities of Mr. King, but we have met some men whose chatter would drive one to drown himself in either river water or fire water.

The things to be had for the asking are seldom worth it.

CHRISTMAS PACKAGES.

Those Sent by Post Should be Mailed Early.

Postmaster J. C Brown desires to impress on the public the importance of mailing Christmas gifts now so as to reach their destination before Christmas. Indications are that a larger number will be mailed this year. Packages should be properly and securely wrapped, legibly and completely addressed. The name of the address, street number, post office and state must be given; also the name and address of the sender. This will insure their delivery, or return to the sender. Valuable packages should be registered, the fee being ten cents in addition to the lawful postage. The limit of weight of all domestic mail matter is four pounds. Rates of packages: First-class, sealed or unsealed, two cents for one ounce or fraction. Third-class, unsealed printed matter, photos, etc., one cent for each two ounces or fraction. Fourth-class, unsealed, merchandise, one cent for one ounce or fraction. A special delivery stamp may be placed on all mail matter in addition to the regular postage. Domestic rates of postage apply to mail matter sent to Canada, Mexico, Republic of Panama, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Philippines and Shanghai, China. Great Britain refuses to accept articles bearing non-postage "Christmas" stamps. Germany admits articles bearing such stamps if affixed to the back, but not when attached to the face. These stamps are not accepted as postage, but they must be attached to articles in the domestic mails in addition to the proper amount of postage. When merchandise is sent in countries other than the United States, inquiry should be made at the main office or station as to the manner of mailing.

Winona Fire Company Plans for a New Home.

That Bloomsburg will have, at some not distant date, a new hose house is not at all improbable. The Winona Fire Company met last week and besides electing officers for the ensuing year, named a building committee composed of Douglas Ford, Wm. Eastman, Abbott McKelvy, Edward Appleman, Wm. Mensch and Harry McKelvy, to secure a centrally located building, which will be purchased and mortgaged. After that the company expects to work off the debt as the other companies of town have done.

The officers elected were as follows: President, Paul Z. Harman; vice president, Amandus Sobers; secretary, Wm. Eastman; financial secretary, Edward Appleman; treasurer, Abbott McKelvy; foreman, Amandus Sobers; fire police, Harry Edwards, Daniel Snyder, Edward Appleman, Daniel Stiner; pipemen, Abbott McKelvy, Ray Rinker; member Fire Board, Edward Appleman; trustees, Douglas Ford, Wm. Mensch, Wm. Vial. Wm Eastman and Amandus Sobers were nominated for third assistant fire chief.

Harry Magee Had Narrow Escape.

Harry Magee, the eight year old son of Mr. and Mrs. James Magee, had a narrow escape from drowning in the creek near the Red Rock bridge last Friday. He tried to cross the stream on the thin ice, and broke through near the middle. Several boys who were skating near the Fernville bank saw his predicament, and immediately threw a rope to him, which he was unable to grasp. Sticks were also passed to him in vain.

After he had gone down for the second time, Harold Kline pushed a boat over the ice until it broke through, and rowed to the place where young Magee came up for the last time, grasped him, and pulled him into the boat. He was carried to the house of Kenneth Furman where he was cared for until he could be taken to his home. Aside from the shock of the cold, the boy has suffered no serious effects.

WASHINGTON EXCURSION.

The Washington excursion of the Bloomsburg State Normal School left for the south at six o'clock Tuesday morning. One hundred and sixty-three persons boarded the train. Five people from Berwick who came to Bloomsburg Monday night, overslept, and missed the train. The excursionists will spend four days sightseeing in Washington, making side trips to Mount Vernon and Annapolis, returning Friday evening.

Mrs. H. H. Grotz went to Bethlehem on Monday to attend the funeral of a brother who died in New Orleans last week, whose home was in Bethlehem. This is the third brother Mrs. Grotz has lost in a comparatively short time.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN?

"What if Santa should puncture his gas bag right over your chimney?" This question appeared in an exchange from the coal regions.

What would happen? Well, the gas bag would probably flap down into the yard, and raise Cain with the shrubs; the motor would very likely knock thunder out of the chimney, and rip a hole in the roof; the overturned pack would stuff up the flues with doll babies and wooden soldiers so that the chances are the house would burn down, and if it didn't, the best bedroom would most likely have to be turned over to Saint Nick in which to nurse him until his recovery from the smash up; and still more might happen.

If the fellow who made that query expects to get a lot of free presents from an accident of this kind, he will probably be as disappointed as the man who fished for a while in the kitchen sink.

Will Visit His Old Home.

A wide circle of friends and old acquaintances are looking forward with pleasurable anticipation to the visit of their former townsman, Mr. Charles J. McHenry, of Baltimore who has achieved signal success in the piano field, having been associated with the old established piano firm of Wm. Knabe & Co. for a number of years.

While it is in answer to the invitation of the Christmas bells that he is coming back to the home of his boyhood to enjoy the warmth of the old home fireside with his own people, it is a matter of conjecture which sounds the sweeter to Mr. McHenry's ears—the music of the Christmas bells or the music of the Knabe piano.

At any rate, it is a well known fact that Mr. McHenry is never happier than when in the piano atmosphere or when exploiting the merits of the "only" piano; hence the announcement that he will have ample time during his visit to look after the piano needs of Bloomsburg is not surprising and will be greatly welcomed by the musical contingent. To those contemplating purchasing or exchanging their present pianos, Mr. McHenry has been authorized by his firm to offer unusual opportunities to secure slightly used Knabe Pianos at greatly reduced prices and on special terms. Communications addressed to 418 Jefferson St. before the 28th will receive his prompt attention.

Those to whom Mr. McHenry has sold Knabe Pianos in his home town include: The Philologian Literary Society at the Normal School, Mr. Will Housel, whose daughter is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music; Mr. W. L. McHenry, and Miss Geisinger, teacher of Music.

Christmas for the Needy Poor of Bloomsburg.

At a meeting of the Ladies' Union Benevolent Society of Bloomsburg, held Dec. 8, 1909, it was resolved that we ask the friends of our society who came so nobly to the rescue after our misfortune of last year to again give a trifle out of their abundance to enable us to contribute to the happiness of many who would otherwise not have a Christmas dinner.

Donations of money, flour, groceries, orders for coal, &c., can be left at the home of the treasurer, 143 West First, Bloomsburg, at any time up to the sixteenth of the present month the earlier the better. There donations will be very thankfully received by us and judiciously used for the benefit of the needy poor.

Mrs. M. C. Walker, Treasurer Ladies' Union Benevolent Society of Bloomsburg.

Beautiful Art Color Gravures.

The Art Color Gravures "*The Philadelphia Press*" is giving its readers are striking a popular demand. These world-famous masterpieces of art are 16x20 inches in size, reproduced by the celebrated color gravure process. They will make a great collection and beautify any home. For full explanation how to secure these pictures at a small expense, read "*The Philadelphia Press.*"

Keep The Money At Home.

An Ohio concern is sending circulars here, offering to furnish an outfit of printed stationery for $3.85, in advance, customer to pay express charges, which would be 60 to 75 cents.

We will duplicate the offer, save you express charges, will guarantee as good if not better stock, and you can see just what you are getting before you pay for it.

Don't send your money away from home for printing when you can get the same thing for less cash right here. tf.

RECENT DEATHS.

MIRA IRENE KNORR.

Death claimed Mira Irene Knorr last Friday evening at nine o'clock at her home on West Main Street. Grip, with a complication of heart trouble, was the cause. She had been ill for only a few days.

She was nineteen years old, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Knorr, by whom she is survived, as also by two sisters, Edith and Martha, and a brother, Robert.

The funeral was held on Monday and interment made in Rosemont Cemetery.

PETER RHODES.

Peter Rhodes, an aged resident of Roaring Creek, died at his home Monday evening from a complication of diseases.

He was born in Locust township and lived in that vicinity all of his well spent life. A well preserved man, he was in his eighty-first year at the time of his death.

He is survived by eleven children, twenty-eight grandchildren, and twelve great grandchildren.

The funeral services will be held at the Reformed church at Numidia, tomorrow morning at 10 o'clock, Rev. Mr. Bachman officiating. Interment will be made in the Reformed cemetery.

MISS NELLIE TRENCH.

Miss Nellie Trench, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chauncey C. Trench, of West Fifth street, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. J. C. Harris, of Knoxville, Tenn., for some time, died in that city last Saturday, after an extended illness. Besides her parents she is survived by two sisters: Dr. Jennie M Trench, of Bloomsburg, and Mrs. J. C. Harris, of Knoxville.

Miss Trench went to Knoxville with her sister in August and has since resided there, hoping that a change of residence might prove beneficial to her health. Word of her serious illness was received by the family Saturday and her parents left at once for Knoxville, but before they arrived she had died.

The body was brought here for burial with private funeral services yesterday morning. Interment was made in Rosemont cemetery.

MRS LUCY WERTMAN.

Mrs. Lucy Katherine Wertman, widow of John Christian Wertman, died at her home on East Seventh street about nine o'clock Monday night, death following an illness of only two days with heart trouble.

She was born in Germany, but has been a resident of Bloomsburg for the last 35 years, being aged 68 years.

She is survived by five children, all of whom live out of town.

The funeral was held this afternoon, and the body was taken to Northumberland for burial.

MRS. ARTEMESIA MALFAIERA.

Mrs. Artemesia Malfaiera, aged seventy-one years, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Bush, on East Third street, Tuesday afternoon. Death followed a stroke of paralysis a few days ago.

She was born in Falmernanon, Italy, and came to this country with her husband twenty-eight years ago, settling in Bloomsburg four years later. Her husband died eight years ago.

She is survived by two daughters, Mrs. John Bush, of town, and Mrs. Fred Kumer, of Shamokin, by a brother in Italy, and by seven grandchildren.

Funeral services will be held in St. Columba's church tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock, Rev. J. R. Murphy officiating. Interment will be made in Rosemont cemetery.

MRS. MARY KNOUSE.

Mrs. Mary Knouse, of Benton, died at her home Tuesday evening of diabetes.

The funeral services will be held tomorrow morning, meeting at the house at 9:30, and proceeding to the Baptist church at Jackson, where the services will be in charge of Rev. Mr. Crawford, the interment being made in the Jackson cemetery. She is survived by seven children.

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produces fine results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when others fail. Young men can regain their lost manhood, and old men may recover their youthful vigor by using **REVIVO.** It quickly and quietly removes Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Sexual Weakness such as Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unfits one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great **nerve tonic and blood builder,** bringing back the **pink glow to pale cheeks** and restoring the **fire of youth.** It wards off approaching disease. Insist on having **REVIVO,** no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, **$1.00** per package, or six for **$5.00.** We give free advice and counsel to all who wish it, with **guarantee.** Circulars free. Address **ROYAL MEDICINE CO.,** Marine Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

9-30 1y

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The fine residence property of the late Judge Elwell is for sale.

Location:

West Third Street between Jefferson and West Streets.

Description:

Two story and attic, brick and frame. 13 rooms. Lot about 66 by 212 feet.

FRAME BARN AND COW STABLE,

large garden, abundance of fruit trees.

The house has a Steam Heating Plant, Bath Room, Stationary Range and Wash Tubs; Water, Electric Light, and Gas.

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Send for Booklet.

30-6m.

THE SCALLOP INDUSTRY

Proves a Source of Wealth to Nantucket Fishermen

HARD BUT NOT PERILOUS

Little Capital Required to Engage in the Business—Means Employed to Deceive the Buyer—Sea Water Four Dollars a Gallon—Inspection Vigilantly Carried Out.

Comparatively few persons outside of the Commonwealth have any adequate knowledge of the importance of the scallop fishery of Massachusetts, yet it is safe to say that no single industry within her borders yields so big a profit on the capital invested or possesses greater possibilities for future development. In proof of this, if proof be needed, it is necessary only to point to the situation in the fall and and winter of 1905-1906, when 200 Nantucket fishermen "cornered" the scallop markets of New York and Boston and reaped in less than three months a clear profit of between fifty and seventy-five thousand dollars, says the New York Herald.

Yet, unlike other "corners" with which the public is more or less familiar, this one served a good purpose, for it called official attention to what has since been described as "the alarmingly progressive depletion" of this lucrative industry and set on foot determined, scientific efforts for its improvement.

The time was, not so many years ago, when it was possible to gather hundreds of thousands of bushels of scallops on the shoals along the coast of Massachusetts, north and south. Today, although many scallops are taken at Edgartown, and a few at New Bedford, Cotuit, Hyannis and Chatham, quaint old Nantucket, the little "sea girt isle," with 30 miles of ocean between it and mainland, is the chief source of supply. From these waters tens of thousands of dollars worth of scallops are still taken yearly, and there is great encouragement for the future in the recent report of the Commissioners on Fisheries and Game that "the opportunities for development are alluring," and that in a few years the value of the annual catch should be increased tenfold.

Scallop fishing is an occupation involving considerable hardship, but little real danger for those accustomed to the life. The open season extends from November 1 to May 1. Imagine yourself in an open boat in the waters of Nantucket Harbor, the thermometer threatening the zero point, your clothes soaked and frozen, culling ice cold shells in a wind that sweeps in biting gusts from the north or west or east and seems to chill the very marrow in your bones, and you have a fair picture of the scallop fisher in pursuit of the precious mollusk in the winter months. Of course the amount of fishing done during this season depends in large measure upon the ice.

Little capital is required to engage in the business of catching scallops. A dollar bill contributed to the town fathers, provided you are a citizen, will get you a license. If you are not a citizen neither love nor money will buy you the right to fish within the limits of the town. After you have your license you will need a catboat—the type of scallop boat now chiefly used, though there are a few Swampscott dories and old fashioned whale boats still to be seen in the Nantucket fleet. A suit of oil clothes, three dredges, with the necessary amount of line, a culling board, three or four bushel baskets, a few pails and other minor articles and your equipment is complete. The original cost is comparatively trifling and the same outfit will last for many years, with but little outlay for repairs.

When a scalloper returns to the shore with his catch he is met at the wharf by the inspector, whose duty it is to see that the scallop laws are lived up to in every particular. He is extremely vigilant, this Nantucket inspector, striving every day to earn the license fees with which he is paid for his services, and his only complaint is that there are no infractions of the law, a condition which, he fears, may lead the authorities to regard his office as a sinecure and abolish it altogether.

The scallop fisher enjoys the distinction of being the only honest purveyor of "watered stock" of whom there is any modern knowledge. The housewife often wonders what makes the large, luscious looking scallops she has just purchased from the city dealer shrink to half their size in cooking. The explanation is simple. The scallops are shipped in small bags, called "packages." These packages hold seven gallons, but instead of filling them with scallops the wily fisherman puts in four gallons of scallops and three gallons of water. By the time the consignment reaches the New York or Boston market the scallops have completely absorbed the water, and lo and behold! when the dealer opens the package he finds seven gallons of the finest looking "eyes" that one could wish to see, and paying four dollars per gallon for water.

SCHOOL FOR WAITERS

Text Book Contains a Thousand Bits of Instruction for the 40 Who Serve 700 Men.

Chicago, Ill.—A school for waiters is the latest innovation at the University of Chicago. Here are some of the instructions from its text book:

Avoid appearing to slam things down on the table.

Most customers desire some part of their meal first.

Do not scuffle, talk or drop trays.

Always place a drink to the right of a customer.

A waiter should never leave any customer after serving till he knows he has the necessary silverware to eat with.

A cereal in the morning should be served right away, whether the rest of the order be ready or not.

An egg with a broken yolk should not be served at all.

Good scholarship will not make up for a deficiency in service.

To be a good waiter it is essential that you should be quick, but also that you should not appear to hurry.

Waiters should remove used dishes as soon as the customer is through but be sure that he is through, and avoid giving an impression that you are in a hurry for him to finish.

There are a thousand and one other gentle reminders for the forty student waiters who serve their 700 fellows at the men's commons. They are compiled in a pamphlet of eleven pages by Thomas L. Barrell, manager of the restaurant. He says there has been a vast improvement in the service since the orders were issued.

REVIVALISTS HYNOTISTS.

People Are Converted by Suggestions Says Chicago Professor.

Chicago.—Religious "revivals" were classed with hypnotic seances and censored for their "unnatural and weird" results by Prof. Edward Scribner Ames, of the University of Chicago, in a lecture on "The Development of the Personal Religious Experience" at the university. Prof. Ames declared that revival converts were likely to be undesirable additions to the church.

"In no respect is there greater agreement among the psychologists of religion than that the methods of revivals are essentially methods of hypnotism," said the speaker. "The fixing of attention, the manipulation of the subjects through a series of sugestions, the final mandatory exhortation to surrender and to indicate it by a simple motor response—all these are the well known methods of hypnotism.

LITTLE WATER VAPOR ON MARS.

Professor Campbell Unable to Detect It—Atmosphere of Planet.

San Jose, Cal.—People on the planet Mars, if any live there, breathe an atmosphere which is almost destitute of moisture. This is the conclusion of W. W. Campbell, director of the Lick Observatory, who returned recently from making observations from the summit of Mount Whitney the highest point in the United States.

"Water vapor on Mars does not exist in sufficient quantities to be detected by the spectroscopic method," says Professor Campbell. "This does not prove that life does not or cannot exist on Mars. The question of life under these conditions is a biologist's problem rather than an astronomer's."

Professor Campbell added that his observations disproved the theories that the canals of Mars were made by man.

HOW MUTES GIVE PASSWORD.

Secrecy Preserved Through Astuteness of Doorkeeper at Convention.

Louisville, Ky.—The national convention of the deaf mutes at their session here was unusual in many ways but the most novel feature was the password.

The sign language is a difficult one in which to keep secrets, and when it came to a password the doorkeeper of the silent brotherhood was perplexed. To solve the difficulty he had a small box with one side knocked out.

The newcomer thrust his hand into the box while the doorkeeper peered into it to see if he performed properly the digital movements that marked him as one of the elect. If the applicant wiggled his fingers properly he got in, but if he didn't he was barred.

"SCISSORS" BAKER IS DEAD.

Once a Reporter and of Good Family—Worked with Mark Twain.

Boston.—Clinton Humphrey Baker, known as "Scissors" Baker, a knife and scissors grinder who frequented the downtown office district, was found dead from heart disease at a Washington street lodging house.

Baker, who was a lovable old man was once a reporter, having worked with Mark Twain on "The Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise." His great-grandfather was one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and his father was with Fremont's expedition.

Dog Swam All Day in Well.

Barnesville, Minn.—Nearly famished and in a state of exhaustion, Grover, a little water spaniel belonging to Barney Howletts of this city, was taken from an inclosed well, containing seven feet of water, after swimming for eighteen hours without rest. Howlett was crossing the field in which the well is located, and the dog was not missed until late that night. Next day, while looking for him, he heard his muffled barks and whining and freed him from his predicament.

Recompense

The winter twilight was stealthily creeping in through the latticed window, making dim the objects in the simple yet cosy room. There was no sound until the clock on the mantel struck 4, and then the sweet-faced lady who sat in the rocker facing the west window rose and walked to the farther side of the room.

"Come, daughter," she said, speaking to a young girl who sat behind a large desk writing rapidly, "Leave your books a few moments and come with me to watch the sunset. One sees it best from Claron Hill and the walk there is brisk and invigorating."

"Yes, mother, just let me finish this thesis first. Professor wants it in tomorrow, and I do so wish to please him. I'll be right along."

But in her interest the daughter forgot the mother waiting and let her go alone to Claron Hill. Along the snow-covered path the mother slowly went, not heeding the beautiful winter scene about her. The trees, their strong, armlike branches laden with myriad glistening snowflakes; the gloriously clear blue sky, now tinging gray in the far east; the cold, exhilarating wind—all alike had lost their wonted charm for her. What was the use of a great, beautiful world in which to live when one's own flesh and blood did not return the most natural of affections—that of a daughter's love for her mother?

Great throbbing tears rolled down the mother's face, for the thoughts that forced them were a strange intermingling of the bitter and the sweet.

"Ellen!" The words came involuntarily from her lips. "How I have worked for you—ever since your father died! You were a wee, tiny thing, so sweet and so pretty. Shall I ever forget how thankful I was to have you left when he was taken away! Since then, how I have nursed you, cared for you, worked for you, to give you the advantages that would have been yours had your father lived! Have I succeeded? Yes—too well, for I have made myself a slave to you. You consider all things first, last of all—your mother."

The sobbing woman had reached the summit of Claron Hill. Before her was spread the beautiful sunset, and as she gazed upon its glory in deep admiration her sorrow somewhat lessened. Rich, changing hues filled the western sky. First, all was deep red blood; slowly the red shaded into faintest pink, and again into yellow. Creeping from behind a sombre cloud stole a rosy glow, enveloping all in softest light, till a purple haze settled over the low hills and darkening valleys. Then, like a garment turned, the purple revealed its lining of silver gray and a peaceful, lovely night set in.

To the woman on the hill summit this silent communion with infinite beauty brought happy hope, and she turned from it with lighter step, well knowing that he who provided all that splendor for his own glorification and the worship of man would care for her and let her hope be realized.

The day of realization came in the balmy June. Claron Hill was a beautiful crown of growing wildflowers which sent up their sweet fragrance, like incense, to the clear, cloudless sky. Of all lovely days in June, that day must have been the best. It was commencement at college, and Ellen—her Ellen—was to graduate with highest honors. How selfish she had been to think herself neglected even for a moment when Ellen had been working so laboriously these last four years to win these honors that she—her mother—might feel the great pride of owning such a brilliant daughter. In the large crowded hall she felt that every mother's eye enviously beheld her when she clasped her daughter to her breast after the exercises. Enraptured, her cheeks flushed with a bloom like youth and her eyes sparkled with joyful tears.

"Why, mother, how pretty you look!" the daughter exclaimed, drawing her arm through hers and leading her into the festive college grounds. But it was in the evening that the mother realized her dearest hope. Together she and her daughter walked to Claron Hill, and when they reached the summit the world was wrapped in the sunset's afterglow. Still, while it lasted, the mother lifted her face to her daughter's and the thin lips quivered and her eyes were wet.

"Why, mother—mother, darling!" the daughter whispered, and gazing upon the sweet face she noted for the first time its numerous lines of care and worry, the sad mien on every feature. A great pang seized her. She drew the slight form closer to her, raining kisses upon the gray head until the mother looked up in surprise. It was the daughter who spoke again.

"Darling, I have neglected you; I have been so selfish. You shall never be left alone hereafter. Forgive me."

And while the happy revelation of a love deep as her own crept into the mother's heart, the afterglow ebbed into gray and night laid its heavy hand on all without its grasp until the rising sun chased it away and brought to these two another day full of love, hope and glory.—ALVA MARIE PETERSON.

Game Laws for Indians.

Three thousand copies of the Oklahoma game laws, printed in the Choctaw and Cherokee languages, have been sent to southeastern Oklahoma for distribution among the Indians. The Oklahoma Indian believes that his right to hunt is based only upon divine laws.

TRUE VALUE OF FISH AS A DIET.

Food From the Sea Destined to Play an Important Role.

For ages past, says the New York Herald, fish has been used as food by people living on the seacoast, near rivers and on the boarders of lakes. Little by little its consumption spread to districts further distant from the source of supply, and it may now be said that, thanks to the preserving facilities and the rapidity of transportation, the consumption of fish has become general. It is beyond doubt that in the future, when the technical processes of fishing have been perfected, when pisciculture and all that concerns the use of fish as food have been more thoroughly studied, fish will play a much more important role in alimentation.

This is certainly not a matter for regret, for the flesh of fish, when from the anatomical point of view is in no way distinguishable from the flesh of mammiferous animals, is eminently nutritious. By its chemical composition and especially by its richness in nitrogenous matter (in certain kinds of fish) also in fat it constitutes a food of great value. This is very clearly shown by the analysis made by Dr. Almen, of Upsaal, and especially by those made by Dr. Balland, of Paris.

The latter, experimenting with the principal fish sold at the Halles, has deduced from the results obtained some general indications which show very clearly the composition of the matter examined.

The proportion of water in fresh fish is very variable, since it ranges from 59.80 to 85.80 per cent. There is a direct relationship between the water and the fat. Fish which contain the least water are the richest in fat, as for example the shad, fresh water eels, mackerel and salmon, which have from 12.85 to 25.63 per cent. of fat in a normal condition, and 35.68 to 63.30 per cent when dried.

The fish with the least fat which, like pike, flounders, whiting, cod, perch, skate, sole and tench, contain from 0.14 to 0.81 per cent of fat in abnormal condition and 0.90 to 3.90 per cent when dried, are also the richest in nitrogenous properties. When dried they give as much as 94 per cent of nitrogenous matter, that is to

In comparing the analysis of non-

In comparing the nanlysis of non-fat fish with that of potatoes, it is seen that the proportion of water is almost the same on both sides and that the nitrogenous element in fish is represented fairly accurately by the similar figures for the amylaceous matter in potatoes.

The Sun Not Burned Out.

It has been stated by such authorities as Kelvin, Newcomb and Ball that the future of the sun's activity will be comparatively short—not more than 10,000,000 years—and some have even suggested that the sun's activity already shows signs of waning.

So far is this from being the case that only one-fourth of our supply of energy has been expended, and three-fourths are yet in store for the future life of the planetary system. This opens up to our contemplation a decidedly refreshing view of the future, and will give renewed hope to all who believe that the end of mundane progress is not yet in sight.

Not only should the future possibilities of scientific progress be vastly extended, but there will in all probability be the most ample time for the further development of the races of beings inhabiting this planet. According to this view, the evolution of our earth is still in its infancy, with the zenith of its splendor far in the future.

The Oldest Diamond Field.

In a report of the Geological Survey of India there is an interesting account of the Panna diamond fields of Central India, says the Indian Pioneer. Historically this country is believed to be the original home of the diamond, and from them it is supposed that the famous Kohinoor was extracted some three and a half centuries ago, the earliest diamonds dating some 25 years previously.

[illegible] has quite retired from the field as a precious stone producer to any extent or value, but from the account given it should be worth the while of a small syndicate to take up these diamond fields and work them systematically, though it is said that neither in lustre nor price do the stones found compare with the yield of South Africa.

The methods, however, now in vogue mean merely superficial treatment, following the lines which have been in vogue for centuries, with the probable result that the strata containing the most valuable deposits of stones are not reached. From a geological point of view there are said to be diamond-bearing conglomerates over several areas, which would admit of deep shaft sinking and systematic mining under competent control being carried on profitably.

Power of the Voice.

Eighteen miles is said to be the longest distance at which a man's voice has been heard. This occurred in the Grand Canyon of Colorado, where one man shouting the name "Bob" at one end was plainly heard at the other end, which is 18 miles away.

Time Clock Nest On Hen's Work

Jersey Eggologist Has Great Scheme to Show When "Improvement by Age" Begins.

The great egg-eating public will always be more or less interested in affairs appertaining to and touching on hens and their product. Eggologists all over the country are taking advantage of this fact, now that eggs are apt to attain famine prices owing to the recalcitrant conduct of hens of laying age.

When these learned brethren attempt to assail our intelligence with the pronouncement that the time is approaching when we will classify eggs with friendship, wine and cheese, however, we begin to sit up and gasp. Prima facie, we are prone to argue eggs are not improved by age, though we will admit tentatively that eggs are strengthened by age.

Must Be Stored Fresh.

If you will permit us to qualify the premise, retort the eggologists, we will persist that an old egg, if properly aged, is a perfectly good egg. In other words, we can prove scientifically that a three-year-old egg is often better than a ten-day-old egg.

When an egg is born, run on the eggogolists, it is a sweet and toothsome thing to the human palate. When an egg is put in cold storage it enters into a condition of inertia. It goes neither backward nor forward. It maintains its standard of quality. Be it in storage for one, two or three years, an egg that is put in fresh comes out fresh.

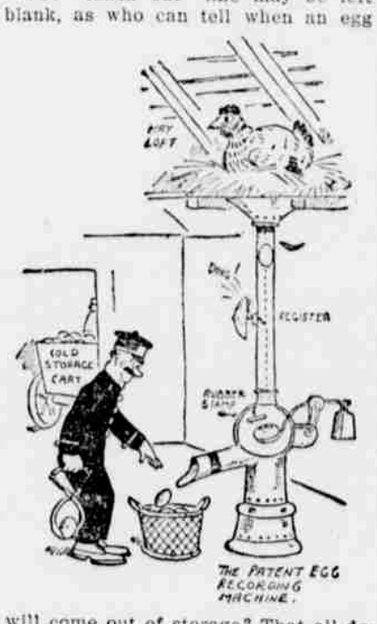
Use Dating Stamp.

"Presto!" cry the eggologists. "We have solved the whole blamed egg problem. Our researches have taught us that it is now only necessary to assure the public that our cold storage eggs have gone into storage fresh. We can do that by a system of stamping."

George Henry Smith, the Cedar Grove eggologist, suggests a very simple stamp, to wit:

Born April 1.
Taken out ——.
Stored April 1.

The "taken out" line may be left blank, as who can tell when an egg



will come out of storage? That all depends on the state of the market. It may come out ten years hence. All we require is an assurance that it has not been out too long, for though a new-born egg has not decreased in quality while in storage, the moment it gets out of storage it becomes again a creature amenable in temporal vicissitudes.

Some skeptic may scream out, "How in thunder are you going to get the egg fanciers to clock an egg honestly?"

Simple, lad, simple. Just as easy as hitting the ground after falling off a couple of Singer Buildings.

Let Egg Stamp Itself.

Build a patent egg-stamping nest. When the egg comes into the world it falls gently through a cushioned pipe, drops lightly as a feather on a time stamp and passes out through another cushioned slot into a basket, at the same time ringing a bell, which summons a collector. It is then only up to the collector to get that egg into immediate storage unless it is required for immediate consumption.

In fact it would be no great task to equip a composite nest with this device. Forty hens could be laying eggs from time to time, each egg reaching its designated cushioned pipe and descending gently to the time clock.

The veriest dub of an inventor, say the eggologists, can turn out one of these contrivances. Then let each State Legislature pass a law making it a misdemeanor, or felony if you will, for any egg raiser not to have his hennery equipped with a time stamping device.

$75 FARM PROFITABLE

Sets Out Apple, Plum and Cherry Trees and Is now Comfortable.

Fort Collin, Col.—Less than eight years ago, Rev. C. E. Mogg, a Pennsylvania minister, invested $75 in raw land from which he is now reaping a rich harvest of money. The land consists of a fifteen-acre tract three miles north of this city and a quarter of a mile from the terminus of the electric line.

Fifteen years ago it was appraised at $1.25 per acre, being considered worthless except for grazing. Little over seven years ago the Rev. Mr. Mogg bought the tract for $5 an acre. He set out 2,000 cherry trees, 700 plum and 250 apple trees. The land is not irrigated, but there are reservoirs near by which afford some underflow, and can be reached by the deepest roots. It is now valued at $1,000 an acre.

The cherry trees, which are not yet all in bearing, yielded 1,000 crates, one-third of what the orchard will produce in a full crop. One thousand crates of plums have thus far been shipped, and this represents about one-half that crop. Apples are just ripening, and will also yield well.

The net profit on the tract this season will probably be $3,000. The owner is still an active minister, and the revenue from his Colorado orchard on an original investment of $75 is so much "easy money."

COLLEGE WOMEN BEST WIVES AND MOTHERS.

Cincinnati, Ohio.—"The college-bred woman is better equipped, mentally and physically, than her sister who has not been to college.

"The college woman makes the better and happier wife and mother.

"The college woman is more helpful, both in her home and in aiding to uplift humanity in general."

Such, in effect, Miss H. Cary Thomas, President of Bryn Mawr College, told the brainy and good looking members of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae, at their convention at the University of Cincinnati.

Miss Thomas is chairman of the committee that has gathered statistics about college women in the United States. In her report, she presented figures which she said proved conclusively:

That 778 out of 1,000 college women enjoy excellent health.

Only eight college bred women out of a thousand have ill health.

When women and men are educated together there is no greater number of marriages between them than when they are educated apart.

College women marry stronger men than women who have never sported gown and mortarboard.

College-bred women choose their husbands more evenly than other women do. They choose wealthier husbands, on the average; the husbands of college women earn one-third higher salaries than the husbands of women who never learned to conjugate "amo."

Each college-bred mother who has been to college has three and six-tenths children on the average, which is to say that ten college-bred mothers have thirty-six children.

Ten women who have not been to college have thirty-five children, an average of three and five-tenths each.

THIS A MARRYING JUDGE.

Only One of Her Sex to Sit on Bench—She Likes Ceremony for Others.

Beloit, Kan.—Judge Mary H. Cooper is the only woman probate judge in the United States. Judge Cooper was appointed by Governor Hoch upon the death of her husband, who had been probate judge of Mitchell County, Kan.

"What part of the work interests you most?" she was asked.

"The issuing of marriage licenses and performing the marriage ceremony," she answered.

"Is your service different from most of the others?"

"Yes, I believe it differs slightly. For instance, I have eliminated the word 'obey' for the bride."

Childless Man Cautious.

Kansas City, Mo.—Henry Kollar, a real estate man, who died recently at his home, 501 Gladstone boulevard, did not want any controversies over his property. Neither did he care to have some unknown claimant take the estate. So in his will Kollar included this provision: "I have no children and so far as my knowledge extends, I never have had any; yet, to guard against any mistake on this subject, I bequeath to each person who shall legally establish that he or she is a child of mine, the sum of $10." Mr. Kollar left an estate valued at $100,000.

New Lake Full of Eyeless Fish.

Silver Lake, Ind.—Three miles southeast of this city a subterranean lake has burst its confines and has submerged the highway to a depth of 20 feet for a distance of 100 yards. The newborn lake seems to be filled with eyeless fish.

SATURDAY NIGHT TALKS

By REV. F. E. DAVISON
Rutland, Vt.

A MESSAGE FOR TO-DAY

International Bible Lesson for Dec. 19, '09.

We have never been fond of the company of the pessimist and the croaker, but we must confess that such men have their uses, and there are signs abroad which point to the fact that America needs the voice of a modern Paul, sounding through the palaces of the rich, the huts of the poor, the sacred aisles of the church, the courts of law, the marts of trade, and the halls of pleasure.

For although this nation never stood at such an altitude of prosperity as it does today, there are numberless foes to her perpetuity that need to be watched and exterminated. What are some of our perils?

Present Day Perils.

Materialism is the Moloch to which this age is offering sacrifice.

Sunday is becoming a social day in an unheard of measure to a past generation. We are gradually but certainly opening the doors of traffic and amusement on Sunday, our railroads being the leaders in this regard.

Drunkenness among women is increasing.

The laxity of the marriage relation is a nation-wide peril.

There is a large infusion of the gambling spirit in our commercial life. There is a race to get rich at all hazards. The increase in social extravagance is noticeable everywhere.

Nine-tenths of the law-breaking in America is hatched in the saloon. The liquor counter is the block on which hundreds of our beautiful American things are annually assassinated.

Spirituality is freezing to death in the church.

The gulf between the masses and the classes is growing wider, in the church and in the State.

This is a dark picture, but it is the consensus of opinion of the wisest thinkers in our land, men who see the perils, and are lifting up warning voices everywhere.

Does it foreshadow our doom as a nation? God forbid. The fact that the peril is so widely recognized is our safety. We have grappled with and settled many great issues in this country, and what the fathers have done the sons can do. To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

Criticism Easy.

A person could go into a watch factory and from the standpoint of a complete watch find something to criticise in every direction. It takes time and skill and patience to make a watch. And it takes time and skill and infinite patience to make what the world will acknowledge as a representative man. Character is a thing of growth, not of bestowment.

Of course, there are people in the church who ought not to be there. But when a fisherman sweeps his net around, and then pulling it into his boat finds that he has a great haul of mackerel, he does not pitch the whole lot overboard because he has taken a few lamper-eels and snapping turtles. No. He rows ashore, after he gets through fishing, and sorts his catch afterwards. So the church in this world is set to catch men, not sort them. On the beach of eternity they will be sorted out by One who is unerring in His judgment.

Church a Factory.

Is not the criticism largely due to the fact that the objector fails to realize that no one church can be expected to reconstruct the world. In this great mission there is work for each denomination. It is like a great factory where many hands are employed. It is the business of the Methodists, warm hearted and fiery, to stir the blaze. It is the business of the Congregationalists, sturdy and logical, to hammer the rivets. It is the business of the Episcopalians, to whom the beauty of piety appeals, to make the exquisite case. It is the business of the Baptists, having strong predilections for water, to wash off the works. So that, after awhile, this whole world disordered, run down, and out of gear, will become a perfect timepiece, ticking away the centuries of millennial joy. How inconsistent is that critic who takes a single wheel or rivet or case of a watch and finds fault because it is not a perfect piece of mechanism.

It is all very well to criticise the church for its coldness and indifference, and aloofness from the lives of men, but I notice that when scarlet fever puts its hot hands into the home nest, and the roses in the child's cheeks turn into the white lilies of death, no one wants to put away the sacred dust without the consolations of the church, and the benedictions of piety. No carping then! No secular songs! No acrimonious criticism! Then we turn instinctively to the only organization which stands pointing through the open portals, with the emblems of piety in her hands and the light of eternity in her eyes.

UNSOCIABLE NEW YORK.

An Indiana Woman's Impressions—Nobody Knows Anybody Else.

"What impresses me most in New York is the fact that nobody seems to know anybody else," the Indiana woman wrote home. "When I came to visit Kate I expected to meet a number of pleasant people and be entertained by them, as she is when she visits me.

As a matter of fact I have met nobody. The only woman acquaintance of hers I have seen was one we happened to meet in a shop. Then Kate hurried me around the other way, because, she said, she only happened to know her because they sat at the next table in the apartment hotel where they usel to live, and she did not care to keep up the acquaintance.

"The reason for this seemed to be the fact that the woman always seemed to have got all her clothes last year.

"I have been in every shop of any size in the city, and in nearly every department of each one. When interest flags Kate takes me to have my hair marcel waved, to the manicure, or even, as a last resort, to a Turkish bath. She is taking lessons in physical culture to keep down her flesh and studying theosophy under the most fashionable Swami in town.

"She has bridge lessons and attends a series of morning lectures upon the art of the fourteenth century and another on the true ideals of Bach. At each of them etherial sandwiches and anaemic tea are served in china which looks as if it would crumple in your hand. But none of the women present betrays by the flicker of an eyelid her consciousness of the fact that there are others in the room.

"We lunch at restaurants of which we read in society novels in Indiana and take tea at places which have no sign above the door, are located in out of the way side streets and never seem to lose the odor of violets worn by their patrons. Kate never, by any chance, knows any one personally; but sometimes in an excited whisper she points out a woman whose name is written among the first ten of the Four Hundred.

"That evening at dinner she tells her husband about it and says what a lovely day we have had.

"Sometimes we dine at restaurants deafened by shrill music, where the only person to whom we can speak is the velvet shod waiter, who politely snubs us. There a noted divorcee or a leading man in society drama with his next wife is pointed out to me with exaltation.

"Kate seems perfectly happy and her husband apparently enjoys it as much as she does. She wonders repeatedly whether the woman at the table back of us is or is not the beauty whose portrait is frequently printed. She also decides that her new hat with the huge rose in front and a little to the left is already out of style.

"Her husband's contribution to the gayety of the evening is the pointing out of a fat man whose business methods are about to be investigated. As for me I am so homesick that I almost weep into my demitasse when I remember the jolly little chafing dish parties for ten after the Tuesday lecture on art which we give by turns at home in Indiana.

"Once we went to the opera, and Kate was well nigh hysterical with delight when she was able to fit names to half a dozen women in the boxes. 'There, when you go back to Indiana, you can tell them that you saw Mrs. Wastor and two of the Gouldorbilts,' she triumphed.

"Yesterday we were invited to lunch with a woman we used to know in Indiana, who had heard of my presence in the city through letters. I expected a nice, homey time, talking of people we all knew; but I was disappointed.

"We lunched in the public dining room of the apartment hotel, on made over dishes with French names. While we ate it our hostess and Kate discussed the trousseau of a bride whom Kate thought she had once seen.

"After that they told each other how often they dinned at fashionable restaurants and how particular each one was to have a particular table engaged for her each time. When we went up stairs they compared all the new plays until it was time for us to go home.

"Once or twice I have gone with Kate to her dressmaker, who brags about her fashionable patrons and tells Kate her figure is exactly like that of Mrs. Farriman. Then there is the beauty doctor who waxes eloquent and persuasive over the newest shade of hair.

"To-morrow I return to Indiana. Kate pities me; she says she would rather die than go back, and wants me to induce my husband to sell out his business and come to New York. As for me, I am counting the hours to train time.

"Not because I do not like New York, but because I want to get back among people who know each other. Yes, I am going home, and the very first thing I do after I kiss my husband will be to telephone to every woman I know to run over and have a nice, comfy talk."

The Ceylon pearl fishing season lasts only three or four weeks, but during that time 22,000,000 oysters are brought to the surface.

LACKAWANNA RAILROAD.

"THE ROAD OF ANTHRACITE."

If you contemplate spending the Summer months in Florida or California, call upon our local ticket agent for particulars.

. . . PRINTING . . .

MUCH of the work that is done in this office is of kinds that can be done by hand only. Nine-tenths of all job printing done in any country office must be done by hand. It can't be done with a machine.

This office is fully equipped to do all kinds of printing at the lowest prices consistent with good work.

A Large Stock is Carried in

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BILL HEADS, STATEMENTS, SHIPPING TAGS,

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BOOK PAPERS, COVER PAPERS, &c.

And Everything in the Printing Line

If you have been a customer of ours, you know the character of our work. If not, we shall be glad to fill a trial order. Among other things in our line are

Dodgers, Posters, Sale Bills, Pamphlets, Books, Receipts, Orders, Check Books, Ruled Work, Halftones, Line Cuts, Engraved Work, Stock Certificates, Bonds, &c., &c.

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Represent Seventeen as good Companies as there are in the World, and all losses promptly adjusted and paid at their office.

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All styles of work done in a superior manner. All work warranted as represented.
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by the use of Gas, and free of charge when artificial teeth are inserted.
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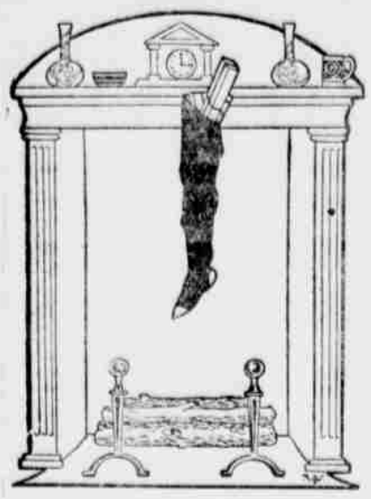
THE COLUMBIAN.

BLOOMSBURG, PA.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1909

A FULL STOCKING



At Christmas Time Is a Good Thing.

But a full head during the rest of the year is better. You can fill your head with useful knowledge of the world's current history by subscribing for this newspaper and reading it regularly.

Debates for Saturday Evening.

There will be eight inter-high school debates in the county league on Saturday evening, upon the question, Resolved, that education is more necessary for the farmer than for the lawyer, minister, or merchant.

The schedule and the judges have been arranged by the committee as follows:

Fishing Creek at Benton: judges, Zehnder Low, Orangeville; Robert Vanderslice, Bloomsburg; Edward H. Ent, Bloomsburg.

Orangeville at Stillwater: R. M. Creasy, Bloomsburg; Will Lesher, Benton; E. E. Shultz, Benton.

Centre at Scott, Espy: W. E. Elmes, Esq., and J. Howard Smith, Berwick; Boyd F. Maize, Bloomsburg.

Mifflin at Briar Creek: Ira Roberts, West Berwick; Jackson Harman, Berwick; Barney Kashner, Almedia.

Locust at Mainville: John K. Miller, Bloomsburg; G. Edward Elwell, Bloomsburg; Prof. J. T. Goodwin, Bloomsburg.

Roaring Creek at Beaver Valley: Earl Brown, Mainville; Robert Eunson and Edward Caldwell, Bloomsburg.

Madison at Millville: John Watson and Edward Roth, Bloomsburg; Lawrence Orner, Aristes.

Mt. Pleasant at Hemlock, Buckhorn: Ira Cherrington, A. B Black and Walter Brooke, Bloomsburg.

Big Damages Asked.

A suit for $50,000 damages against the American Car and Foundry company will be tried in the United States circuit court in Williamsport, in January. The plaintiff is Oscar Thornton, of Berwick, formerly of Danville, who lost one of his eyes as the result of an injury sustained in the steel plant of the car company at Berwick. Clarence E. Sproul, of Williamsport, represents the plaintiff and it was upon his application that the case was transferred from the Columbia county court to the United States circuit court. Paul J. Sherwood, of Wilkesbarre, represents the plaintiff.

Not Coming to Bloom.

The report that Alexander Billmyer intends to move to Bloomsburg is incorrect. He has informed the Danville *News* that he has no thought of leaving his fine home near Washingtonville.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Goosebones Disagree.

Last week we published the goosebone prophecy of Samuel T. Christ, of Strausstown, Berks county. Mr. Christ was mentioned as having a goosebone, it will be remembered, which very gravely and sedately prophesied blizzards, zero weather and all the other more or less agreeable accompaniments of winter in this latitude, but it seems goosebones don't agree, as is demonstrated in the following letter which came recently from John Gallatin, who lives at Washington, away down in the southwestern part of the state.

"Mr. Christ's goosebone does not know what it is talking about. I have made a study of goosebones forty years and never knew them to fail but once and that was in 1877, when every sign failed. I have one this year that says the winter will be mild, there will be little snow until late in February, and there won't be any blizzards to speak of, all winter. Ice men won't cut much ice until very late, and it will not freeze very thick. December will be partly cold and partly warm, but there will be little if any zero weather. This prophecy holds good as far north as the lake and east to Philadelphia. The goose was a Pennsylvania product and the bone prophesies only Pennsylvania weather."

A New Anesthetic.

Dr. Thomas Jonnesco, the famous Roumanian surgeon, is in this country demonstrating the use of the anesthetic employed by him in surgical operations. It consists of a mixture of stovaine and strychnine, and it is injected into the spinal column. The patient retains full consciousness, but feels no pain whatever. It is a great stride in surgical science, and will no doubt come into general use.

It Never Rains but it Pours.

Although hardly recovered from three wrecks in as many days, the Susquehanna Bloomsburg and Berwick Railroad had a fourth accident last Friday, when spreading rails caused a freight train to kick up high jinks. A car load of lumber was badly smashed, and the track was damaged. A wrecking crew worked until nine o'clock Friday evening in clearing up the road.

Parsonages Taxable.

In a comprehensive opinion County Solicitor John G. Harman has advised the Commissioners that all parsonages are taxable property, and the assessors will act accordingly.

Wilson Murphy, a farmer of Rome township, Bradford county, holds the championship belt for raising big potatoes. He brought to the office of The Towanda Review, on Tuesday, a measured bushel of potatoes weighing 56 pounds, which contained only 25 potatoes, the tubers averaging 2 1-4 pounds each in weight.

Do You Have Headache

TAKE ONE OF THESE LITTLE TABLETS AND THE PAIN IS GONE.

"My first experience with Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills was a sample package handed me. They relieved the pain so promptly that I have never been without them since. I have given them to many friends when they had headache and they never failed to relieve them. I have suffered with neuralgia in my head, and the first one I took relieved me. They have cured me of neuralgia. I would not be without them."

MISS LILLIE B. COLLINS
R. F. D. No. 1, Salem, Va.

Sold by druggists everywhere, who are authorized to return price of first package if they fail to benefit.
MILES MEDICAL CO., Elkhart, Ind.

"PAID IN FULL."

The rather small audience which witnessed the production of "Paid in Full" at the Columbia Theatre Tuesday night was treated to an exceptionally strong drama. The cast, each of whom did highly creditable work in his or her interpretation of the various character studies, was a capable one, and handled the somewhat Ibsenesque situations admirably. The play is not greatly dissimilar from Ibsen's "Doll's House."

The settings were artistic.

The musical program of Elwell's orchestra was excellent.

Again we remark that good plays are deserving of better patronage.

Published Seventy Years.

The Clarion *Democrat*, with its issue of last week, commenced its seventieth volume Editor Sansom has been connected with the paper since July 1st, 1890. There are few inland papers in Pennsylvania, Democrat or otherwise, that have been published continually for 70 years, and the *Democrat* is to be congratulated on its unusual longevity.

The COLUMBIAN and its predecessor, The COLUMBIA COUNTY DEMOCRAT, are now in their seventy-third year.

First Degree Murder.

Joe Moleski was convicted of murder in the first degree at Sanbury last Friday.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a writ of Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Columbia County, Pennsylvania, and to me directed, there will be sold at public sale at the Sheriff's Office, in the Court House at Bloomsburg, county and state aforesaid, on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 8, 1910

at 10 o'clock a. m. the following described real estate, to wit:

All that certain messuage, tenement and lot of ground situate in the Borough of Catawissa, County of Columbia and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

Bounded on the east by Third street, on the west by an alley, on the south by lands of Frank Gable and on the north by land of Henry Tuthill, fronting on said Third street fifty feet, and extending in depth the same width two hundred and ten feet to said alley on the west. Containing ten thousand five hundred square feet, whereon is erected

A TWO AND A HALF STORY FRAME DWELLING HOUSE

with an adjoining summer kitchen and outbuildings.

Being the same premises granted and conveyed by Julia Bibby to Amanda Billman, by deed dated the 28th day of March 1903, and recorded in the office for the recording of Deeds at Bloomsburg, Columbia County, Pa., on the 7th day of April 1903 in Deed Book Vol. 73 at page 642, &c.

Seized, taken into execution at the suit of Emanuel Harger, Executor, vs. Amanda Billman, and to be sold as the property of Amanda Billman.

CHARLES B. ENT,
Sheriff.

C. J. Fisher, Attorney.
12-16 ts.

ELECTION NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the policy holders of the Briarcreek Farmers Mutual Insurance Company, of Lime Ridge, Pa. will be held at Lime Ridge in the P. O. S. of A. Hall, on Tuesday, January 11th, 1910, between the hours of 10 a. m. and 2 p. m. for the election of twelve Directors to serve for the ensuing year, and for the transaction of such other business as may properly come before said meeting.

H. H. BROWN,
Secretary.

12-2-te.

ELECTION NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Bloomsburg National Bank, of Bloomsburg, Pa. for the election of Directors for the ensuing year, will be held at their banking room, on Tuesday, January 11th, 1910 between the hours of 11 and 12 a. m.

WM. H. HIDLAY,
Cashier.

12-9-te.

EXECUTRIX NOTICE.

Estate of John Reichard, late of Hemlock Township, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary on the above estate have been granted to the undersigned, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay to

MRS. EMMA REICHARD,
Executrix, Bloomsburg, Pa. R D 4

N. U. Funk, Attorney. 12-9-6t.

ELECTION NOTICE.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the Farmers National Bank of Bloomsburg, Pa., for the election of Directors will take place at their banking room, on Tuesday, January 11, 1910, between the hours of 2 and 4 p. m.

M. MILLEISEN,
Cashier.

12-2-te.

EVERYBODY IS TALKING ABOUT THE

Christmas Shopping Carnival

WHICH IS NOW IN FULL BLAST AT

WILKES-BARRE!

The Street Illumination is the Most Magnificent and Brilliant Ever Seen in Pennsylvania.

Thousands of People Congregate Along the River Front Every Day to See

Prof. Richards in his sensational "Slide for Life"

The Most Thrilling Spectacle Ever Witnessed.

The Banza Japanese Troupe Give Their Marvelous Performance on Public Square, December 14, 15, 16 and 17th, Commencing each day at 11 a. m.

ON THE NIGHT OF Thursday, December 16th, the Great Automobile Parade

With 300 HANDSOMELY DECORATED MACHINES IN LINE.

On December 20, 21 and 22 Prof. Keiser and his 12 wonderful Fox Terriers

WILL HOLD FORTH ON PUBLIC SQUARE. ONE OF THE WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

The Stores of Wilkes-Barre Are all Handsomely Decorated and Brilliantly Illuminated for the Carnival and All Are Offering

Special Bargains for the First Two Weeks.

In Wilkes-Barre's Beautiful THEATRES There Is Something Doing Every Afternoon and Night.

The Handsome $2,000,000 COURT HOUSE Open to Visitors at Night during the Carnival.

Carnival Committee: Robert F. Shafer, chairman; R. Nelson Bennett, secretary; F. M. Kirby, T. A. Wright, J. H. Perkins, Louis Franks, Thomas Cassedy, Harry Hirshowitz, Charles K. Gloman.

The Most Complete Stock of

HOLIDAY GOODS

Bloomsburg Shows, Is at

The R. E. Hartman Store

WITH the immense stock of everything in Dry Goods, Fancy Goods, China, Toys and ready-to wear goods The R. E. Hartman Store is better prepared to serve you than ever. Our entire stock is new, different from others and at prices that will astonish you. Come and allow our many salespeople to show you,

COATS AND SUITS Over 400 garments here now, in every good color and most sizes. We can fit most every person from infant to oldest person. All new this season,

CHRISTMAS GLOVES Kid, Mocha, Silk, Golf and Cashmere Gloves for women, men and children. Styles and colors entirely our own.
Prices 10 cents to $2.00

Handkerchiefs by the Thousand The nicest, newest and neatest designs in dozens of styles, with plain or fancy edge. Initials for every person from 5 to 50 cents each. Children's Handkerchiefs by the Box.

UMBRELLAS---ALL NEW Children's, women's and men's Umbrellas with the new long handles, and also the new silver and gold handles. All are new within last 10 days. 39c to $5.00

The R. E. Hartman Store

Bloomsburg, Pa.

Alexander Brothers & Co.

—DEALERS IN—

Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, and Confectionery.

Fine Candies. Fresh Every Week.

PENNY GOODS A SPECIALTY.

HAVE YOU SMOKED A

ROYAL BUCK or JEWEL CIGAR?

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM.

ALEXANDER BROS. & CO., Bloomsburg, Pa.

FOR XMAS

RUGS Royal Wilton, Body Brussel, Axminster Velvet and Tapestry in the different sizes

Carpet Sweepers, Best in the land.

VACUUM CARPET CLEANERS

Electric and Hand Power.

THE FREE SEWING MACHINE.

This machine is ball bearing throughout. It is not only guaranteed, but is INSURED for five years against fire or accident.

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AND

FIT TO WEAR

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